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FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1910. SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR. NO. 47.

The DANGER TRAIL

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

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CHAPTER VIII.

The Hour of Death.

A red, unwinking eye staring at him fixedly from out of impenetrable gloom—an ogreish, gleaming thing that brought life back into him with a thrill of horror—was Howland's first vision of returning consciousness. It was dead in front of him, on a level with his face—a ball of yellow fire that seemed to burn into his very soul. He tried to cry out, but no sound fell from his lips; he strove to move, to fight himself away, but there was no power of movement in his limbs. The eye grew larger. He saw that it was so bright it cast a halo, and the halo widened before his own staring eyes until the dense gloom about it seemed to be melting away. Then he knew. It was a lantern in front of him, not more than ten feet away. Consciousness flooded him, and he made another effort to cry out, to free his arms from an invisible clutch that held him powerless. At first he thought this was the clutch of human hands; then, as the lantern-light revealed more clearly the things about him and the outlines of his own figure, he saw that it was a rope and he knew that he was unable to cry out because of something tight and suffocating about his mouth.

The truth came to him swiftly. He had come up to the Coyote on a sledge. Someone had struck him. He remembered that men had half-dragged him over the rocks, and these men had bound and gagged him and left him here, with the lantern staring him in the face. But where was he? He shifted his eyes straining to penetrate the gloom. Ahead of him, just beyond the light, there was a black wall; he could not move his head, but he saw where that same wall closed in on the left. He turned his gaze upward, and it ended with that same imprisoning barrier of rock. Then he looked down and the cry of horror that rose in his throat died in a muffled groan. The light fell dimly on a sack—two of them—three—a tightly packed wall of them.

He knew now what had happened. He was imprisoned in the Coyote, and the sacks about him were filled with powder. He was sitting on something hard—a box—fifty pounds of dynamite! The cold sweat stood out in beads on his face, glistening in the lantern-glow. From between his feet a thin, white, ghostly line ran out until it lost itself in the blackness under the lantern. It was the fuse leading to the box of dynamite on which he was sitting.

Madly he struggled at the thongs that bound him until he sank exhausted against the row of powder sacks at his back. Like words of fire the last warning of Meleese burned into his brain—"You must go, tomorrow—tomorrow—or they will kill you!" And this was the way in which he was to die! There flamed before his eyes the terrible spectacle which he had witnessed a few hours before—the holocause of fire and smoke and thunder that had disrupted a mountain a chaos of writhing, twisting fury, and in that moment his heart seemed to cease its beating. He closed his eyes and tried to calm himbself. Was it possible that there lived men so fiendish as to condemn him to this sort of death? Why had not his enemies killed him out among the rocks? That would have been easier—quicker—less troublesome. Why did they wish to torture him? What terrible thing had he done? Was he mad—mad—and all this a terrible nightmare, a raving and unreal contortion of things in his brain? In this hour of death question after question raced through his head, and he answered no one of them. He sat still for a time, scarcely breathing. There was no sound, save the beating of his own heart. Then there came another, almost unheard at first, faint, thrilling, maddening.

Tick—tick—tick!

It was the beating of his watch. A spasm of horror seized him.

What time was it?

The Coyote was to be fired at 9 o'clock. It was 4 when he left his cabin. How long had he been unconscious? Was it time now—now? Was MacDonald's finger already reaching out to that little white button which would send him into eternity?

He struggled again, gnashing furiously at the thing which covered his mouth, tearing the flesh of his wrists as he twisted at the ropes which bound him, choking himself with his efforts to loosen the thong about his neck. Exhausted again, he sank back, panting, half dead. As he lay with closed eyes a little of his reason asserted itself. After all, was he such a coward as to go mad?

Tick—tick—tick!

His watch was beating at a fruious rate. Was something wrong with it? Was it going too fast? He tried to count the seconds, but they raced away from him. When he looked again his gaze fell on the little yellow tongue of flame in the lantern globe. It was not the steady, unwinking eye of a few minutes before. There was a sputtering weakness about it now, and as he watched the light grew fainter and fainter. The flame was going out. A few minutes more and he would be in darkness. At first the significance of it did not come to him; then he straightened himself with a jerk that tightened the thong about his neck until it choked him. Hours must have passed since the lantern had been placed on that rock, else the oil would not be burned out of it now!

For the first time Howland realized that it was becoming more and more difficult for him to get breath. The thing about his neck was tightening, slowly, inexorably, like a hot band of steel, and suddenly, because of this tightening, he found that he had recovered his voice.

"This damned rawhide—is pinching—my Adam's apple—"

Whatever had been about his mouth had slipped down and his words sounded hollow and choking in the rock-bound chamber. He tried to raise his voice in a shout, though he knew how futile his loudest shrieks would be. The effort choked him more. His suffering was becoming excruciating. Sharp pains darted like red-hot needles through his limbs, his back tortured him, and his head ached as though a knife had cleft the base of his skull. the strength of his limbs was leaving him. He no longer felt any sensation in his cramped feet. He measured the paralysis creeping up his legs inch by inch, driving the sharp pains before it—and then a groan of horror rose to his lips.

The light had gone out!

As if that dying of the little yellow flame were the signal for his death, there came to his ears a sharp hissing sound, a spark leaped up into the blackness before his eyes, and a slow, creeping glow came toward him over the rock at his feet.

The hour—the minute—the second had come, and MacDonald had pressed the little white button that was to send him into eternity. He did not cry out now. He knew that the end was very near, and in its nearness he found new strength. Once he had seen a man walk to his death on the scaffold, and as the condemned had spoken his last farewell, with the noose about his neck, he had marveled at the clearness of his voice, at the fearlessness of this creature in his last moment on earth.

Now he understood. Inch by inch the fuse burned toward him—a fifth of the distance, a quarter—now a third. At last it reached a half—was almost under his feet. Two minutes more of life. He put his whole strength once again in an attempt to free his hand. This time his attempt was cool, steady, masterful—with death 100 seconds away. His heart gave a sudden bursting leap when he felt something give. Another effort—and in the powder-choken vault there rang out a thrilling cry of triumph. His hands were free! He reached forward to the fuse, and this time a moaning, wordless sob fell from him, faint, terrifying, with all the horror that might fill a human soul in its inarticulate note. He could not reach the fuse because of the thong about his neck!

He felt for his knife. He had left it in his room. Sixty seconds more—forty—thirty! He could see the fiery end of the fuse almost at his feet. Suddenly his groping fingers came in contact with the cold steel of his pocket revolver and with a last hope he snatched it forth, stretching down his pistol arm until the muzzle of the weapon was within a dozen inches of the deadly spark. At his first shot the spark leaped, but did not go out. After the second there was no longer the fiery, creeping thing on the floor, and crushing his head back against the sacks, Howland sat for many minutes as if deadth had in reality come to him in the moment of his deliverance. After a time, with tedious slowness, he worked his hand into his trousers' pocket, where he carried a pen-knife. It took him a long time to saw through the rawhide thong about his neck. After that he cut the rope that bound his ankles.

He made an effort to rise, but no sooner had he gained his feet than his paralyzed limbs gave way under him and he dropped in a heap on the floor. Very slowly the blood began fluding its way through his choked veins again, and with the change there came over him a feeling of infinite restfulness. He stretched himself out, with his face turned to the black wall above, realizing only that he was saved, that he had outwitted his mysterious enemies again, and that he was comfortable. He made no effort to think—to scheme out his further deliverance. He was with the powder and dynamite and the powder and dynamite could not be exploded until human hands came to attach a new fuse. MacDonald would attend to that very soon, so he went off into a doze that was almost sleep. In his half-consciousness there came to him but one sound—that dreadful ticking of his watch. He seemed to have listened to it for hours when there arose another sound—the ticking of another watch. He sat up, startled, wondering, and then he laughed happily as he heard the sound more distinctly. It was the beating of picks on the rock outside. Already MacDonald's men were at work clearing the mouth of the coyote. In half an hour he would be out in the big, breathing world again.

The thought brought him to his feet. The numbness was gone from his limbs and he could walk about. His first move was to strike a match and look at his watch.

"Half-past ten!"

He spoke the words aloud, thinking of Meleese. In an hour and a half he was to meet her on the trail. Would he be released in time to keep the tryst? How should he explain his imprisonment in the coyote so that he could leave McDonald without further loss of time? As the sound of the picks came nearer his brain began working faster. If he could only evade explanations until morning—and then reveal the whole dastardly business to MacDonald! There would be time then for those explanations, for the running down of his murderous assailants, and in the while he would be able to keep his appointment with Meleese.

He was not long in finding a way in which this scheme could be worked and gathering up the severed ropes and rawhide he concealed them between two of the powder sacks, so that those who entered the coyote would discover no signs of his terrible imprisonment. Close to the mouth of the tunnel there was a black rent in the wall of rock, made by a bursting charge of dynamite, in which he would conceal himself. When the men were busy examining the broken fuse he would step out and join them. It would look as though he had crawled through the tunnel after them.

Half an hour later a large mass of rock rolled down close to his feet, and a few moments after he saw a shadowy form crawling through the hole it had left. A second followed, and then a third—and the first voice he heard was that of MacDonald.

"Give us the lantern, Buck," he called back, and a gleam of light shot into the black chamber. The men walked cautiously toward the fuse, and Howland saw the little superintendent fall on his knees.

"What in hell!" he heard him exclaim, and then there was a silence. As quietly as a cat Howland worked himself to the entrance and made a clatter among the rocks. It was he who responded to the voice.

"What's up, MacDonald?"

He coolly joined the little group MacDonald looked up, and when he saw the new chief bending over him his eyes stared in unbounded wonder.

"Howland!" he gasped.

It was all he said, but in that one word and in the strange excitement in the superintendent's face Howland read that which made him turn quickly to the men, giving them his first command as general-in-chief of the road that was going to the bay.

"Get out of the coyote, boys," he said. "We won't do anything more until morning."

To MacDonald, as the men went out ahead of them, he added in a low voice:

"Guard the entrance to this tunnel with half a dozen of your best men tonight, MacDonald. I know things which will lead me to investigate this tomorrow. I'm going to leave you as soon as I get outside. Spread the report that it was simply a bad fuse. Understand?"

He crawled out ahead of the superintendent, and before MacDonald had emerged from the covote he had already lost himself in the starlit gloom of the night and was hastening to his tryst with the beautiful girl, who, he believed, would reveal to him at least a part of one of the strangest and most diabolical plots that had ever originated in the brain of man.

CHAPTER IX.

The Tryst.

It still lacked nearly an hour of the appointed time when Howland came to the secluded spot in the trail where he was to meet Meleese. Concealed in the deep shadows of the bushes he seated himself on the end of a fallen spruce and loaded his pipe, taking care to light it with the flare of the match hidden in the hollow of his hands. For the first time since his terrible experience in the covote he found himself free to think, and more than ever he began to see the necessity of coolness and of judgment in what he was about to do. Gradually too, he fought himself back into his old faith in Meleese. His blood was tingling at fever heat in his desire for vengeance, for the punishment of the human fiends who had attempted to blow him to atoms, and yet at the same time there was no bitterness in him toward the girl. He was sure that she was an unwilling factor in the plot, and that she was doing all in her power to save him. At the same time he began to realize that he should no longer be influenced by her pleading. He had promised—in return for her confidence this night—to leave unpunished those whom she wished to shield. He would take back that promise. Before she revealed anything to him he would warn her that he was determined to discover those who had twice sought to kill him.

It was nearly midnight when he looked at his watch again. Was it possible that Meleese would not come? He could not bring himself to believe that she knew of his imprisonment in the coyote—of this second attempt on his life. And yet—if she did—

He arose from the log and began pacing quickly back and forth in the gloom, his thoughts racing through his brain with increasing apprehension. Those who had imprisoned him had learned of his escape an hour ago. Many things might have happened in that time. Perhaps they were fleeing from the camp. Frightened by their failure, and fearing the punishment which would be theirs if discovered, it was not improbable that even now they were many miles from the Wekusko, hurrying deeper into the unknown wilderness to the north. And Meleese would be with them!

Suddenly he heard a step, a light, running step, and with a recognizing cry he sprang out into the starlight to meet the slim, panting, white-faced figure that ran to him from between the thick walls of forest trees.

"Meleese!" he exclaimed softly.

He held out his arms and the girl ran straight into them, thrusting her hands against his breast, throwing back her head so that she looked up into his face with great, staring, horror-filled eyes.

"Now—now—" she sobbed, "now will you go?"

Her hands left his breast and crept to his shoulders; slowly they slipped over them, and as Howland pressed her closer, his lips silent, she gave an agonized cry and dropped her head against his shoulder, her whole body torn in a convulsion of grief and terror that startled him.

"You will go?" she sobbed again and again. "You will go—you will go—"

He ran his fingers through her soft hair, crushing his face close to hers.

"No, I am not going, dear," he replied in a low, firm voice. "Not after what happened tonight."

She drew away from him as quickly as if he had struck her, freeing herself even from the touch of his hands.

"I heard—what happened—an hour ago," she said, her voice choking her. "I overheard — them — talking." She struggled hard to control herself. "You must leave the camp—tonight."

In the gloom she saw Howland's teeth gleaming. There was no fear in his smile; he laughed gently down into her eyes as he took her face between his hands again.

"I want to take back the promise that I gave you last night, Meleese. I want to give you a chance to warn any whom you may wish to warn. I shall not return into the South. From this hour begins the hunt for the cowardly devils who have tried to murder me. Before dawn every man on the Wekusko will be in the search, and if we find them there shall be no mercy. Will you help me, or—"

She struck his hands from her face springing back before he had finished. He saw a sudden change of expression; her lips grew tense and firm; from the death whiteness of her face there faded slowly away the look of soft pleading, the quivering lines of fear. There was a strangeness in her voice when she spoke—something of the hard determination which Howland had put in his own, and yet the tone of it lacked his gentleness and love.

"Will you please tell me the time?"

The question was almost startling. Howland held the dial of his watch to the light of the stars.

"It is a quarter past midnight."

The faintest shadow of a smile passed over the girl's lips.

"Are you certain that your watch is not fast?" she asked.

In speechless bewilderment Howland stared at her.

"Because it will mean a great deal to you and to me if it is not a quarter past midnight," continued Meleese, a growing glow in her eyes. Suddenly she approached him and put both of her warm hands to his face, holding down his arms with her own. "Listen," she whispered. "Is there nothing—nothing that will make you change your purpose, that will take you back into the south—tonight?"

The nearness of the sweet face, the gentle touch of the girl's hands, the soft breath of her lips, sent a maddening impulse through Howland to surrender everything to her. For an instant he wavered.

"There might be one—just one thing that would take me away tonight," he replied, his voice trembling with the great love that thrilled him. "For you, Meleese, I would give up everything — ambition, fortune, the building of this road. If I go tonight will you go with me? Will you promise to be my wife when we reach Le Pas?"

A look of ineffable tenderness came into the beautiful eyes so near to his own.

"That is impossible. You will not love me when you know what I am—what I have done—"

He stopped her.

"Have you done wrong—a great wrong?"

For a moment her eyes faltered; then, hesitatingly, there fell from her lips, "I—don't—know. I believe I have. But it's not that—it's not that!"

"Do you mean that—that I have no right to tell you I love you?" he asked. "Do you mean that it is wrong for you to listen to me? I—I—took it for granted that you were a—girl—that—"

"No, no, it is not that," she cried quickly, catching his meaning. "It is not wrong for you to love me." Suddenly she asked again, "Will you please tell me what time it is—now?"

He looked again.

"Twenty-five minutes after midnight."

"Let us go farther up the trail," she whispered. "I am afraid here."

She led the way, passing swiftly beyond the path that branched out to his cabin. Two hundred yards beyond this a tree had fallen on the edge of the trail, and seating herself on it Meleese motioned for him to sit down beside her. Howland's back was to the thick bushes behind them. He looked at the girl, but she had turned away her face. Suddenly she sprang from the log and stood in front of him.

"Now!" she cried. "Now!" and at that signal Howland's arms were seized from behind, and in another instant he was struggling feebly in the grip of powerful arms which had fastened themselves about him like wire cable, and the cry that rose to his lips was throttled by a hand over his mouth. For an instant he caught a glimpse of the girl's white face as she stood in the trail; then strong hands pulled him back, while others bound his wrists and still others held his legs. Everything had passed in a few seconds. Helplessly bound and gagged he lay on his back in the snow, listening to the low voices that came faintly to him from beyond the bushes. He could understand nothing that they said—and yet he was sure that he recognized among them the voice of Meleese.

The voices became fainter; he heard retreating footsteps, and at last they died away entirely. Through a rift in the trees straight above him the white, cold stars of the night gleamed down on him, and Howland stared up at them fixedly until they seemed to be hopping and dancing about in the skies. He wanted to swear—yell—fight. In these moments that he lay on his back in the freezing snow a million demons were born in his blood. The girl had betrayed him again! This time he could find no excuse—no pardon for her. She had accepted his love—had allowed him to kiss her, to hold her in his arms—while beneath that hypocrisy she had plotted his downfall a second time. Deliberately she had given the signal for attack, and now—

He heard again the quick, running step that he had recognized on the trail. The bushes behind him parted, and in the white starlight Meleese fell on her knees at his side, her glorious face bending over him in a grief that he had never seen in it before, her eyes shining on him with a great love. Without speaking she lifted his head in the hollow of her arm and crushed her own down against it, kissing him, and softly sobbing his name.

"Good-by," he heard her breathe. "Good-by—good-by—"

He struggled to cry out as she lowered his head back on the snow, to free his hands, to hold her with him—but he saw her face only once more, bending over him; felt the warm pressure of her lips to his forehead, and then again he could hear her footsteps hurrying away through the forest.

(To be continued.)

THE HEAVENS IN DECEMBER

By Prof. Eric Doolittle of the University of Pennsylvania.

The Occultation of Saturn, December 12—Mercury Attains Its Farthest Distance East of the Sun December 24—Jupiter May Be Seen before Sunrise—December 22 the Shortest Day.

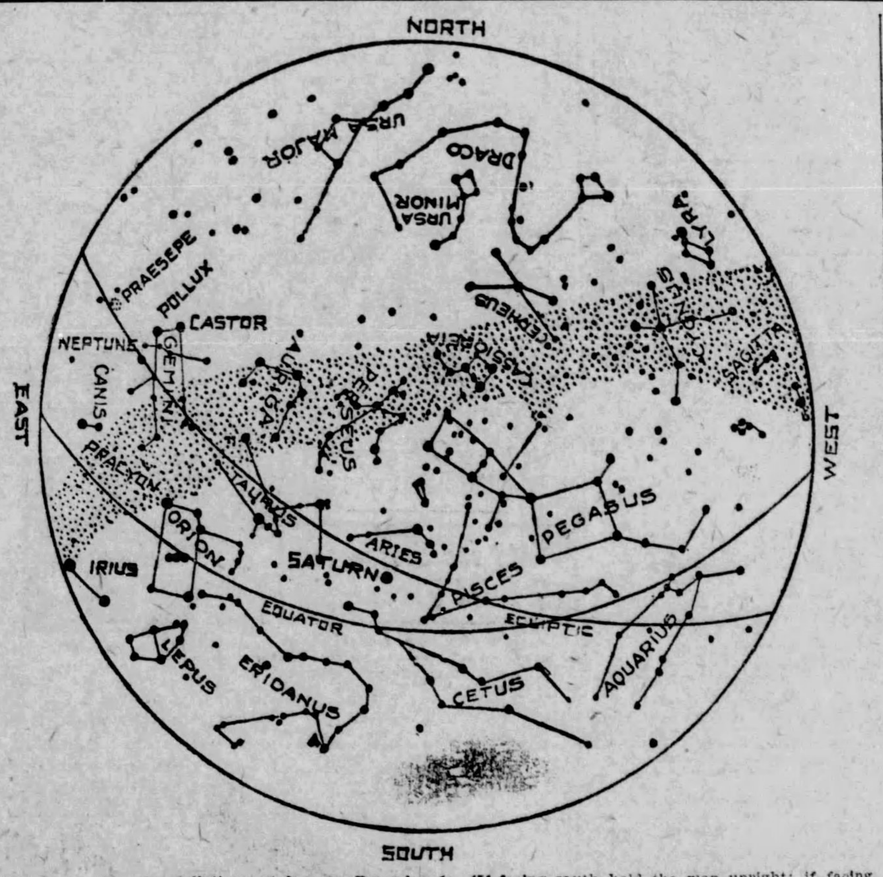

Figure 1.—The Constellations at 9 p. m., December 1. (If facing south hold the map upright; if facing east hold "east" below; if facing "west" below. If facing north hold the map inverted.)

At this time of the year no one who looks at the evening sky can fail to be struck by the great beauty and brilliance of the stars with which it is filled. To see them to the best advantage the observer should be careful that he is away from all artificial light; a single electric light or even street lamp will instantly render the fainter constellations and the beautiful complexity of the Milky Way hopelessly invisible. But when he has found a position where the only light which shines upon him is that which has been speeding on its journey for many years from the far distant suns above him, he will see a magnificent spectacle. The whole heavens are filled with the brilliant winter stars; only toward the Southwest do the last of the faint summer constellations still linger, and these when one is so placed as to see them clearly are no less interesting than the more striking groups.

Figure 2.—Appearance of Saturn as viewed in a large, inverting telescope at the beginning of the occultation on December 12.

The December Stars.

The faint groups near the ground are all watery constellations — the Whale, the Fishes and the Water Bearer — to the earliest astronomers this part of the sky was called the Sea. Readers of Greek mythology will remember how, because Cassiopoea boasted too greatly of her daughter's beauty, Neptune sent Cetus to ravage Libya, and how to avert this calamity Cepheus, the king, chained the daughter, Andromeda, to a rock. Perseus, who slew the Gorgon, from whose blood Pegasus sprang, rescued Andromeda, and afterward made her his wife. All who are mentioned in this account have their celestial representatives close together in this part of the sky.

In the Southeast are the very bright Orion, the Bull, and the Twins, so often mentioned in these papers, while above these there shines out its very brilliant yellowish star Capella. But several other stars of the group are even more interesting. The yellow star at B is very close double, the two stars which compose it being only seven millions of miles apart. These swing round one another in a period of only four days, their velocity in their paths being fully 150 miles a second. The whole wonderful system is rusing away the Charioteer principally noticed for from us with a speed of more than 17 miles a second. The star at C is attended by a dark sun, which at irregular intervals, eclipses it and cuts off three-fourths of its light.

It was in this constellation, too, that the new star of 1892 appeared, remained visible for about four months, and then faded away into a greenish planetary nebula. Whatever great cataclysm caused this new sun suddenly to blaze out from the depths of space, it is certain that the whole wonderful outburst occurred long centuries before the evidence of it reached our far distant little earth.

The observer should not fail to notice how the three very brilliant stars, Fomalhaut, Altair and Vega now lie almost upon the ground in the West, and how the far more brilliant Sirius, with the Lesser Dog Star Procyon, is just emerging in the East. It is only at this exact time that all of these five bright stars can be seen in the evening sky together. Each of the two stars last mentioned has a very faint companion revolving around it, which was discovered mathematically many decades before it was ever seen in a telescope. The observer should also notice how Cygnus, the Northern Cross, now stands in an upright position on the ground, making a beautiful figure, more favorably situated for observation than at any other time of the year.

The Occultation of Saturn.

A most beautiful and unusual sight may be witnessed on the afternoon of December 12, when our satellite passes between us and the planet Saturn. Many readers probably witnessed this same occurrence several years ago. They saw the moon slowly drawing nearer the ringed planet, blotting out one of Saturn's moons after another as it moved very steadily forward. Finally it began to cover the ring, which soon looked exactly as if a part of it had been cut away; then the ball became hidden, and at last the smallest little protuberance of the eastern edge of the ring remained, apparently attached to the moon's limb and then this also disappeared. The emergence of the planet at the western edge of the moon was no less interesting. Perhaps the most striking feature of the whole occultation was the remarkable contrast in color of the two bodies, the planet appearing of a deep green color, when in contact with the silvery white limb of our satellite.

Very unfortunately, the occultation of this month will occur before the sun has set to observers in the United States, and it must, therefore, be observed in daylight. The possessor of a small telescope will, however, have no difficulty in witnessing it. He should first direct his telescope on the faintly shining, nearly full moon, which will be found near the ground, almost due east, about six hours east of the meridian. Looking along its eastern arc the planet will be seen shining at some little distance from the rough edge. The disappearance will begin at a considerable distance east of the edge, as the moon is four days from full.

As seen from Washington, Saturn will disappear at A, Fig. 3, at 3 hours 2 minutes p. m., eastern standard time, and reappear at B at 3 hours 56 minutes, the occultation lasting 54 minutes. These times differ greatly, however, for observers in different parts of the country. The observer should examine the positions of the planet and moon at least half an hour earlier than the first of the above times, and estimate how soon the occultation will occur as seen by him, remembering that the moon moves eastward a distance equal to its own diameter in about one hour.

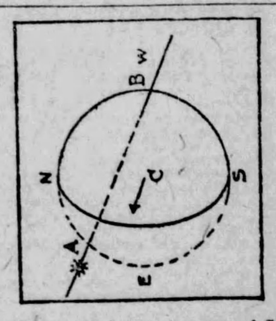

Figure 3.—Apparent course of Saturn behind the moon, as viewed from Washington on the afternoon of December 12.

The Planets.

Saturn remains in Cetus, and is in excellent position for observation throughout the month.

Mercury attains its farthest distance east of the sun on December 24, and sets on this date 1 hour 20 minutes after sunset. At this time it may be detected shining out in the twilight glow very low down in the southwest. On December 26 at 6 p. m. Mercury passes Uranus, and the latter planet may be found 36 minutes exactly south of the former. But both planets are very much too far below the equator for satisfactory observation.

Venus entered the evening sky on November 26, but is still too near the sun to be seen.

The other bright planets are morning stars; the most conspicuous of these is the magnificent Jupiter, which may be seen high up in the east for two or three hours before sunrise.

On December 22 the Sun reaches its lowest position in the heavens, and this is, therefore, the shortest day.

—ERIC DOOLITTLE.

The Red House on Rowan Street

By ROMAN DOUBLEDAY

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CHAPTER XVII.

A Temporary Aberration.

For a moment, as he stood in the doorway, watching her, he had a vision. He saw her in the music-room at Oversite, her head outlined against the stained-glass window that he had helped Rachel choose, while Philip, restless, radiant, pervasive Philip, hung over the piano, turning her music, or looking at her with those adoring eyes of his. He shook his head impatiently, the picture vanished, and he went forward to the piano.

Leslie looked up with a smile, and though her fingers kept on playing, that appeared to offer no bar to their owner's conversing.

"It was very wise and kind of you to get father to talking about the Indians," she said, looking at him with grateful eyes. "It took his mind from these worrying affairs. He has a lot of enthusiasm for the Indians and the old times in the woods."

"That's the way we get credit we don't deserve, and miss praise that belongs to us," said Burton. "As De Bergerac said, 'I have done better since.' But I drew your father out for purely selfish reasons. I wanted information. I am going up to the Reservation myself tomorrow to make a few inquiries."

"What if something happens while you are away?" she said, in evident alarm.

"It isn't likely to, while your brother is in jail."

She looked so dismayed and reproachful that he hastened to make his meaning clearer. "Oh, merely because this evil genius of his will be too shrewd to try anything on while your brother is so evidently and publicly out of the reckoning. I think you are quite safe for the immediate present. But at the same time I hope you will be very watchful, and if anything happens that is out of the ordinary, be sure to make a note of it, and let me know when I come back."

"What sort of things?" she asked, with wide eyes.

"If you see any one hanging about the house, or talking to Mrs. Bussey,—"

"Goodness! She talks to everybody!"

"Go on playing," said Burton sofely. As she took up the thread of the melody with obedient fingers, though wondering eyes, he sauntered across the room and then suddenly turned into the hall as he passed the open doorway.

"Oh, Mrs. Bussey! Is that you?" he asked. "Did you want something?"

There was a sound of pattering feet, as the housekeeper hurried nervously away.

"She lacks invention,' said Burton, as he came back to the piano. "It would have been so easy for her to pretend that she came to see if you wanted another lamp, or something of that sort."

"She is stupid past belief," said Leslie, in manifest annoyance.

"Does her habit of eavesdropping suggest nothing to you but idle curiosity?" Burton could not refrain from asking.

She looked startled. "No. You don't mean—"

"Oh, I am of an uncharitable nature, and I am ready to see something sinister in anything and everything. I don't want to sow seeds of distrust in your mind, but I'm rather anxious to overlook no possible agency."

"I can't believe it is anything more than vulgar curiosity," said Leslie, after a thoughtful pause. "You know people of that sort have so little to occupy their minds that they become inordinately curious about the personal doings and sayings of the people they live among. I don't suppose a delivery wagon goes by in the street that Mrs. Bussey does not know about it, and speculate as to where it is going and what it is going to deliver at whose house. If she were not so curious about everything, I might feel that this was a more serious matter. But—she is so inefficient! I can't imagine her a mysterious conspirator!"

"Well, let's forget her. Won't you play some more for me?"

"I'd rather talk," she said. "There are some things I want to ask you."

"That pleases me still better."

"I want you to tell me about Philip's mother."

"Very well," he said, but the eagerness had faded out of his voice. "What in particular?"

"You are a great friend of hers, are you not?"

"Yes,—an old friend."

"It was to please her, rather than Philip, that you came here?"

"Yes," he said. He knew that something more than this tame acquiescence was really due from him, but he felt suddenly as barren of invention as ever Mrs. Bussey could have been.

Leslie touched the keys of the piano softly and absent-mindedly as she asked her next question. "What does she look like? Is she very beautiful?"

"I have always thought so," said Burton. "She is a little woman, compared with you,—tiny, but very imperious and queenly. When she tells me to do a thing, I go and do it, without any objection."

"What would happen if you didn't?"

Burton laughed. 'Goodness knows! I never tried it."

"Is she dark?"

"No, very fair."

"Then she probably looks younger than she is. How young does she look?"

"Oh,—as though she had been caught in an eddy somewhere between twenty-five and thirty!"

"And would stay there. I see. And she dresses exquisitely, doesn't she?"

"That is exactly the word for it."

"Is she contemptuous of those who do not dress exquisitely? Or merely tolerant?"

Burton felt rather uncomfortable under these probing questions, but he understood something of the girl's mood, and he could not resent the trace of defiance that he caught under rather than in her words. He therefore answered gently:

"I think that if she like a person she likes him whole-heartedly, and without regard to the accidental attributes. She will like you. She will love you."

"What makes you think so?" she asked, with her searching eyes steadily upon him.

"Why,—because Philip does, for one thing."

"But if it were not for that,—am I the sort of girl that she would be apt to like?"

"What sort of a girl are you?' he asked, with a smile. He knew that her last question held dangerous depths into which he did not care to look at that instant. Rachel was so—well, narrow in her social sympathies!

"Never mind that," said the girl, and he wondered uneasily whether she thought her last question had been sufficiently answered. "Tell me something about their place,—Oversite. That is the name of their estate at Tutney?"

"Yes, and it is quite as important a place as the town that honors itself by existing alongside the estate. It goes back to the colonial days. The Overmans were Tories during the Revolution, but they managed somehow to hold or to recover their estate, and though the family has consented to live under a republic, it has always been conscious of the graciousness of its attitude. Of course Rachel—Mrs. Overman—is an Overman by marriage only. She comes from a Southern family, herself, and she has the Southern woman's beautiful voice and sweet graciousness. And Philip you know. There is nothing priggish about him.'

She was silent a moment, considering.

"Is he fond of the place,—Oversite? Would he wish to live there?"

"Oh, unquestionably. It would be difficult to imagine an Overman in any other setting."

Does Mrs. Overman have the same feeling about it?"

"She is devoted to it. She is more of a Royalist than the king."

The broken music that was dropping unconsciously from Leslie's fingers crashed into a sudden stormy volume of sound that made Burton feel as nervous as though a peal of thunder had suddenly shot across the summer night. It filled the room with inharmonious noise for a few minutes. Then Leslie stopped abruptly and whirled about on her piano stool. There was a threatening storm in her cloudy eyes.

"You understood clearly, didn't you, that my—my agreement to consider Philip's proposal further was conditioned upon the absolute, complete and unequivocal clearing of my family's name from the reflections that have been cast upon it? Under no other conditions would I for a moment consider the possibility of entering such a family."

"I understand perfectly," said Burton gravely. "Believe me, I shall guard your dignity quite as jealously as you would yourself."

She dropped her eyes swiftly, but not soon enough to hide the rush of tears that suddenly brimmed them at his words. But she was staunch, and after a moment said gaily, though without lifting her eyelids:

"You asked me a while ago what sort of a girl I am. I fancy I am a sort that Mrs. Overman has never met—a girl who has known humiliation, poverty, struggle, and yet who is unreasonably and uncomfortably proud. What have I to commend me to her? My accomplishments are commonplace—perhaps not even passable in her eyes. And I have nothing else, except a knowledge of life which she would deprecate as something most undesirable—a knowledge that has never come near her. I am just one of the great average!"

She had begun gaily, but she ended bitterly. Burton could not help realizing, as he watched her eyes, misty with deep feeling, and her flushed face, what an exceptional woman she would be in any assembly by the one gift of beauty, and yet he felt that she was one of the few women who would regard a reference to her beauty as a slur rather than a compliment. So he only answered, as lightly as possible:

"You are—yourself! And that is not an average, by any means. And as for the knowledge of life that you are inclined to treat so slightingly, any real knowledge is one of the precious things of earth, and what is more to be desired than true understanding of the most important thing the planet holds—life? You surely know in your heart that you would not give up what you know for the most graceful ignorance that ever bloomed in some sheltered corner of a drawing room! When your epitaph comes to be written, would you rather have it read, 'Here lies Leslie, beloved wife, et cetera, et cetera, whose horizon was bounded by the painted windows of her husband's colonial mansion, and who could make the most exquisite courtesy of any in her set,' or 'She knew the real things of life. She faced the troubles and the humiliations that come to the men and women who are building up the world of tomorrow out of today, and she helped to build courage and loyalty and love and good cheer into the work!'"

Leslie listened with held breath, then suddenly she dropped her folded arms upon the jangled keys and hid her face upon them. A tremor ran all through her slender body. Burton bit his lip as he looked at her. He wanted to put his hand out and touch her bowed head, to tell her how wonderful he thought her, to comfort her in some way. The impulse was an amazing one. It set every pulse in his body tingling. It astonished him so that he walked slowly away toward the window, wondering what had come over him and how he was going to keep her from guessing that he was liable to attacks of losing his senses. But in a moment she lifted her head, with a long breath.

"Don't think me silly. I—believe I am too tired to be quite myself."

"We are all a little overwrought," said Burton with great relief. That was probably what the trouble was!

"You have been so much more than kind that there is nothing for me to say about it," she added, rising. "I can't really imagine what I should have done if all this trouble had developed before you came. You have somehow made it seem possible to go through with it."

"Of course we will go through with it," he answered cheerily. "A year from now you and Philip will be laughing at it." He said the words deliberately, to see how they sounded. They seemed to sound quite simple and natural.

"A year is a long way to guess," she said lightly. "You are going away tomorrow? Then I will say goodbye now."

"Let it be good night only," he said, and held out his hand steadily.

She touched it so carelessly with her own that the act seemed almost unconscious.

WONDERFUL STORY OF AN OLD SOLDIER ABOUT A GREAT KIDNEY REMEDY.

Having suffered so much for years with inflammation of the kidneys, bladder and enlargement of prostate gland, also with an injury of canal caused by roughness of doctors in forcing sound catheters, etc, into the bladder, after hours of retention of urine, I now feel well as I ever expect to be and truly thankful. It was through seeing your advertisement of Swamp-Root in a Boston paper that I at last found something reliable which in the future will prevent the using of instruments so often and relieve much suffering.

Having a doctor in the family, I relied somewhat on his treatment in the past, but in my last serious illness, his medicine didn't have its usual effect, and when my acute kidney trouble caused dropsy and my face to swell badly, I knew something heroic must be done to prevent it rapidly extending over my whole body, as it often does in such severe cases, especially Bright's Disease. I then ordered a large bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which soon reduced most of the distressing pains and the swelling also. Before its use, there was over an inch of sediment in a quart of urine. Now it is clearer than it has been for years. I feel sure that if I continue taking your medicine, I will be nearly or completely out of danger. Many who knew my condition before commencing Swamp-Root think my partial cure something wonderful and I have only just commenced on the second bottle. I will always feel safe with a $1.00 bottle of your wonderful remedy in my house. Under the above circumstances, feel it a duty I owe Dr. Kilmer & Company to write this testimonial to show the public what Swamp-Root has done and is doing for a sufferer of many years, who wore the blue between 1860-65 and took part in the siege of Paris against the Commune Soldiers and Followers in 1871.

Yours sincerely,
MOSES ABBOTT WOOD.
Westminster, Mass.

Personally appeared before me this 31st day of July, 1909, Moses Abbott Wood, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

FRANK W. FENNO,
Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

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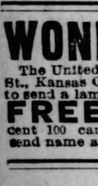
The United Factories of 824 Wyandotte St., Kansas City, Mo., in making an offer to send a lamp, free to one person in each locality to introduce this marvelous, new, incandescent 100 candle power oil lamp. Simply send name and nearest express office.



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"Good night," she repeated. And then, as he was turning away, she added quickly, "How long has Mrs. Overman been a widow?"

"Nearly a year," he answered.

"Good night," she said again, as though forgetful that she had already said it twice. "I think I am a little tired. But—I'll be all right tomorrow." She lifted her head with that gallant air of hers, and he turned away. It required something of a conscious effort.

He got away quickly, but he did not return at once to his hotel. He wanted to be by himself,—though there was nothing that he wanted to say to himself. He simply wanted to walk and walk under the spreading trees that lined the avenues of the town and—avoid all thinking. The moonlight flickered down through the branches very beautifully. He did not remember that he had ever noticed before how very beautiful that effect was. And yet there was something sad in it. He had not noticed that before, either. At least, not since he was in college, and spent good time that should have been otherwise occupied in writing bad poetry to Rachel. Yes, decidedly there was something saddening about the effect of the moonlight.

CHAPTER VXIII.

Burton Thinks He Is Mending Matters.

"My adored Rachel," wrote Burton that night. "I am having a very curious experience. I have dropped into a regular melodrama. I suppose there is a plot to it, but so far I have chiefly been kept guessing. You will be interested in it, though I know melodrama is not your favorite style of literature, because it nearly involves the Underwood family. In fact, they are supposed to be the whole head and front of the offending.

"I told you that there was some vague accusation of Dr. Underwood in the town, which I felt under obligations, as your ambassador, to investigate, in carrying out the mission with which I was charged. The matter has almost been lost sight of, in the popular excitement over subsequent events. A house burned down the next night, and the police said the fire was of incendiary origin. Thereupon the public jumped to the conclusion that it was set either by Dr. Underwood or his son Henry, though as to the doctor I can personally testify that he was laid up with a sprained ankle that night, and could hardly hobble about his room. But a trifle like that would cut no figure with an excited public, eager only to hear some new thing that would make its hair stand on end. Then the following night a man was assaulted in his own house,—tied to his bed, and warned not to talk about people so recklessly as he had been doing. This time suspicion was directed to Henry Underwood, and he has been arrested. The young man refuses bail, on the ground that he wants to be locked up so as to leave no room for charging him with the next eccentric thing that may happen in High Ridge. I hope you agree with me that this shows a good deal of spirit and pluck, especially as the town jail is a place that no one who was looking for downy beds of ease would choose for a summer resort. I must tell you that this young man interests me extremely. There is no vanity in this, for I cannot say that the interest is reciprocated. He treats me with a haughty tolerance that would wound my self-eseem, if I did not see that it is merely his manner to everybody. He seems to go on the theory that all men are in a conspiracy against him, and he will neither ask nor give quarter. You will gather from this that I do not believe he assaulted the old gentleman in his bed. I don't. Use your judgment as to how much of all this you should tell Philip. And speaking of that, I am not sure that I fully expressed, in my last letter, my great enthusiasm for Philip's sagacity. My admiration for the young lady in question has grown with my more extended aquaintance. She is not only beautiful,—as I told you in my first report,—but she has a lot of personality. That is an attribute which it is hard to more specifically designate, but you know what I mean. She has character, so that you feel you could rely upon her absolutely in need, and fascination, so that you would never be dull in her company, and simplicity, so that you would never weary of her. I think it is the artificial element in people that tires us, just as it is the artificial in life. The large simple things are always restful. The longer we live with them,—as shown in the sea and the mountain and the desert,—the more we come to depend upon them and love them. Some people are like that,—large-natured and simple and so true that you never have any disturbing perplexity as to what they may stand for. She is like that, I think. And I feel that Philip has chosen a really wonderful woman for his wife,—a woman who will be the making of him.

"You may not hear from me again very soon, for I am going out of town on a mission—a secret mission which may be big with importance if I do not miss my guess. Does that make you curious? In short, I, even I, am going to try my hand at some detective work on my own account. I shall not tell you the details in advance, because if I fail utterly, it will be less humiliating to reflect that I have not confessed my wild-goose chasing. But if your wishes have any influence with the powers that be, do wish me success. I want terribly to pull this thing off. Just think what it will mean to that poor, brave girl! Oh, Rachel, you will be so proud and fond of her! To have helped in any degree to have brought you so rare a daughter is a matter to cheer the solitary moments of

"YOUR BLIGHTED BEING."

"My Adored Rachel: This is not a postscript, nor yet is it a mere subterfuge to give me a chance to call you 'adored' again. It is another letter under the same cover, because I just happened to think of something else I wanted to say. Miss Underwood is very proud, very sensitive, and, I suspect, more than a little in awe of the paragon of perfection who will receive this epistle. I think it would be a very 'nice' thing, as you would say, for you to write her a little letter, telling her how you will love her and all that. Who knows better how beautifully you can write when you want to than your own BLIGHTED BEING."

Burton mailed the letter without reading it over. It is possible that if he had applied his mind to the matter, he might have realized that it was not exactly the sort of an introduction that would make Miss Underwood persona grata to her future mother-in-law, for he had intervals of common sense; but his mind was otherwise engaged. So he sent the letter on its way with innocent cheerfulness.

(To be continued.)

Gold.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all the pains, the greatest pain
It is to love but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is understood;
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love;
A curse on her and on the man
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digged the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who did first coin it!
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who used it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendship separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget!
—Anacreon, translation by Cowley.

ABSENT-MINDED BELINDA

Little Happening Makes Her Liken Herself to a Storied Grandfather.

New York Sun.

"You know the old, old story," said Belinda, "about grandfather and his spectacles, how one day when he wanted them he couldn't find them, and how they looked and looked for them, on the floor and under the table, and all around everywhere, and how they finally found them on grandfather's forehead, where he had pushed them back from his nose?

"Well, this morning when I came to put on my slippers, I got one on and then I couldn't find the other, and I looked and looked and looked and looked just everywhere for that other slipper, and where do you think I finally found it? Why, it was on my other foot, where I had put it and forgotten it.

"Really, I think I must be as queer as grandfather."

A Congenial Task.

Tit-Bits.

He was a very quiet boy, of a studious turn of mind, and that was probably why his fond parents apprenticed him to a naturalist. In his new sphere he was willing enough, but painfully slow. After giving the canary seed, a job that occupied two hours, he said:

"What will I do now?"

"Well," replied his master, reflectively, "I think you may take the tortoise out for a run."

The Victor.

Not he alone who worldy power
And honor bore,
Nor he who for some talent rare
The laurel wore,

But he to whom hard luck was all
Fate chose to send,
Yet who maintained a dauntless fight
Unto the end.
—Charlotte Becker, in New York Sun.

Wonderful Bargain
In Extra Heavy Silk Petticoat

This stylish, beautifully cut Petticoat at $2.95 is a remarkable value. It is not made of cheap glazy material but is an extra heavy, all silk, rustling taffeta garment, such as retail merchants sell at $5. It is cut good and full and made of guaranteed taffeta that will stand alone. Has an extra full 12 inch flounce on bottom, made with 9 sectional ruffles, one set on the other, and 12 rows of tucking. Self-color percaline underflounce forming dust ruffle that outwears silk. Comes in black, blue, brown, green, tan, grey, Copenhagen and changeables. 50 shades to choose from. Any color, any size. Give skirt length and waist measure. Money back if not perfectly satisfactory.

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REPEATING SHOTGUNS

If you want a serviceable shotgun, one that a scratch or bump won't ruin, that can be had at a price that won't ruin you, the Winchester Repeating Shotgun will surely suit you. They are made in 12 or 16 gauge with strong shooting, full choke barrels, suitable for trap work, duck shooting, etc., or with modified choke or cylinder bore barrels for field shooting. They *list* at $27.00, but your dealer will sell you one for less. They are a bargain in a gun, but not a bargain counter gun. They are the only repeater that is

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Indian Pupils Who Work

ONE of the most remarkable features of the great Indian school maintained by the United States government at Carlisle, Pa., is the earning power shown by its pupils. The institution is an industrial concern of no mean productive capacity.

Like the federal government, the Carlisle school reckons its year from the beginning of July to the end of June—the fiscal year. In 1909-1910, the period covered by the latest official report, the value of the products of Indian labor—the work done by the students of the school—was $77,466.

This large sum does not tell the whole story of work well directed and well done. It takes no account of the washing of nearly 10,000 pieces of clothing every week, or the preparation of food for nearly 1,000 students. It does not credit the Indian boys and girls with the care of the dormitories, the kitchen, the dining-room and the beautiful campus of the school.

They do all this work, and many other tasks fall to them which do not figure in the official records. But as it is they are credited with products of the bakery worth nearly $7,400, and more than $9,100 in the carpenter shop. They do more than $9,650 worth of printing and over $9,500 worth of sewing. This last item does not include products of the tailor shop, which are valued at nearly $8,600.

Other important items in the long list of credits for the labor and skill of students in the Carlisle school are heating and plumbing worth more than $5,200 and masonry valued at over $6,530. They do painting worth $3,344, and the shoe shop produces about $1,400 annually.

One of the school farms produces over $3,140, by the labor of the students, and another farm almost $3,500. The dairy yielded more than $3,700. The harness shop is credited with nearly $1,400, and the blacksmith shop with more than $1,000. The students who work as wheelwrights earned almost $1,700 for the school, and the stone-crushing done at Carlisle was worth $1,900.

It will be seen at a glance that the work the Indian students do is many-sided. It tends to well-rounded progress in civilization, in a degree which book students alone could never bring about. The students who go back from Carlisle to their former homes take with them skill in useful trades, and, what is more important, the habit of steady and effective work.

Experience has shown that the Indians, of both sexes, who spend a few years at the Carlisle school seldom fall back into the primitive habits of life prevailing among their tribes. They make homes for themselves that are of the same kind which white men and women of intelligence aim to possess. There is a permanent change, farreaching and vital, in the standard of living.

The Carlisle students keep on working when they go away from the school which is a vital turning point in their existence. They pursue many occupations, rural and urban, and they succeed in the trades and professions and in business. In all respects they match the career-making of white boys and girls, with no more advantage than the Indians have in the form of inherited wealth or parental influence to advance their interests.

Altogether, the work of the school and the way in which its pupils bear witness by their deeds to its usefulness, make it one of the finest civilizing and saving agencies ever created by the American people in striving to help the Indians overcome the heavy handicap under which they labor.

Wild Animals Near Cities

THE licenses for deer hunting issued this year by the state game warden in Michigan indicate that about 26,000 men have taken to the woods in that one state to shoot animals that have no power of defense against man and must depend upon their speed, their quick senses and their wariness for escape from his weapons.

Similar armies of hunters pursue the deer in Maine, New York and Minnesota. In many other states in the west and the south thousands of rifles are loaded every fall to kill deer. Even little Vermont, where deer have become abundant after a few years of protection, has seen many of them slain this season.

Yet it is not believed by the best authorities that there has been such diminution in the number of deer in these states in the last decade or even in a quarter of a century. In Maine and New York they are believed to have increased.

The open season is short, the hunters are restricted to very limited killing, and the deer are better protected than they used to be against natural enemies that attack them in the season when their fawns are almost helpless. And nature, given half a chance, keeps up the stock of wild life, even if large cities are not far distant.

That many animals of the wilderness hold their own with great tenacity, in countries which seem well cultivated and occupied, is one of the most interesting facts of outdoor life and one of the sources of great satisfaction to naturalists and nature-lovers. It promises well for the future of species hard pressed by civilization.

There are wild deer on Long Island, within an hour's ride, or little more, of Brooklyn. There are wild deer in New Jersey, between Philadelphia and the ocean and within an hour of that great city. There are bears in the mountains within thirty miles, more or less, of New York.

In Connecticut wild deer are often seen on farms a short distance from good sized towns. They come out of the Adirondack forest not far from cities and villages. Now and then a deer actually enters the streets of Duluth. Similar conditions exists in various districts of Pennsylvania.

Smaller wild animals live and thrive in big city pars. The naturalists make astonishing lists of the wild denizens of Central Park, New York's famous playground. They are wary, mainly nocturnal and little seen, but they are there.

Europe presents even more striking illustrations of this pertinacity of wild creatures, from deer and wolves and bears down to foxes, weasels and rabbits, in clinging to the ground they have long occupied. There the population is denser, and the countries where big game is still found have been longer settled and brought under control.

But in Europe, on the other hand animals like wolves have not found it possible to retreat before the advance of civilization, as they have fallen back in the United States. Their only chance has been to stand their ground and rely upon their wits for preservation, in their mountain and forest fastnesses.

So it happens that France still suffers much from the ravages of wolves and Italian villages in the Appenines and the foothills of the Alps are sometimes invaded, in bitter winter weather, by famished and formidable beasts of prey. Wolves kill not only domestic animals, but human victims, also, in Hungary and Russia, and in the countries of the Balkan peninsula. They are a curse to Lapland.

Bears, also, still linger in several countries of Europe, notwithstanding the zeal of many hunters. Deer are so carefully preserved and bred on so large a scale by owners of extensive estates that it is difficult to determine what showing they might have made if forced to trust to their own ability to escape man.

The most formidable and destructive of all inhabitants of the earth is far from banishing the lesser four-footed tenants of the globe, even those that be wars upon incessantly, and it is well that this is so. They are kept in subjection without difficulty, in any country like the United States—certain districts of the West excepted—and once gone they are lost forever.

Boys Battle With Rattlers.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Two young boys, sons of W. S. Chambers, of Cloverdale, had a thrilling fight with rattlesnakes in the Pitt river canon and escaped safely after killing 200 of the reptiles. The boys were hunting squirrels when they noticed a number of rattlers among the rocks. They attacked these and soon found the rocks were fairly alive with vast numbers of the reptiles. For an hour they fought with rocks and sticks, slaying them by scores. Finding the number seemed undiminished, the boys retreated. Chambers will use dynamite in the canon to destroy the snakes.

A Prince in the Slums.

The Gentlewoman.

The late Prince Francis of Teck had for years been the best known of the queen's brothers, for like his sister he had always taken a great interest in philanthropic work. He had worked in slum parishes for years and probably knew almost as much as a curate in a poor district of the manners and customs, hardships and habits of the submerged tenth. He perfectly understood the young hooligans and took just as much practical interest in all works for the alleviation of their poverty and their moral improvement as does the queen, who with her own hands makes dozens of garments for poor children during the year.

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The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted by readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader give information in regard to the cultivation of ginseng? How is it started, from the roots or seed?—K., Charlevoix, Mich.

Sometime ago The Blade published a recipe for making home-made beer with hops and yeast. I would like to see it in print again. Will some reader kindly send it to the Farmstead department?—T., Toulon, Ill.

I have a young cow that gives bloody milk out of one teat. Will someone kindly tell me what to do for her?—F., Jamestown, N. C.

PANCAKES MINUS SOUR MILK

Saw a request in the Farmstead for a recipe for making wheat cakes without using sour milk, buttermilk or yeast. The following recipe is good: One pint of sweet milk, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one heaping teaspoonful of good baking powder to every cup of flour.—D., Belvidere, Ill.

SORE-EYED CHICKENS

S., Rector, Ark.: Your chickens have a mild catarrhal inflammation of the eye, caused by cold, exposure, irritating dust, or bad hygiene. The inflammation extends from nose to throat, and in some cases is believed to be contagious. The disease comes suddenly. Many cases recover spontaneously without treatment. Bathing with a weak solution of boracic acid or with aqueous extract of witchhazel usually is all that is necessary.—S., Caro, Mich.

THE SELF-MILKING COW

Tarrington, Wyo.: To keep cow from milking self put on a nose halter, same as used on a horse. Drive half a dozen or more pointed nails through the strap that goes over the front of the nose. Use about eight-penny nails and have the strap thick enough to hold them firm. It will not interfere with the cow's eating. If made right she will do little self-milking.—K., Lewiston, Me.

Hints for Farmers in Brief Paragraphs

The plant food in a ton of manure varies somewhat with the kind of live stock. Thus young, growing animals and animals giving milk will retain a larger proportion of the nitrogen and phosphorus than fattening stock, work horses or other manure animals. On the other hand, it is well to understand that the difference in value frequently considered, as, for example, between sheep manure and cattle manure, is due almost entirely to differences in water content. As a matter of fact, manure from work horses or from fattening steers fed on clover hay and heavy grain rations is fully as rich and valuable as sheep manure if both are reduced to the same percentage of dry matter. Of course, sheep manure containing only 60 per cent of water is twice as rich as cattle manure containing 80 per cent of water.

Professor Hopkins, of the Illinois experimental station, says the average moderately fresh cattle or horse manure, made from clover and timothy hay and some grain, with sufficient straw bedding to absorb and retain the liquid manure, will contain per ton of manure about 10 pounds of nitrogen, 2 pounds of phosphorus and 10 pounds of potassium, on the basis of 25 per cent of dry matter. Computed at the present market values for these elements—15 cents a pound for nitrogen, 12 cents for phosphorus and 6 cents for potassium—such manure is worth $2.34.

Feed is a great point in sheep growing, but breed capabilities is a greater. Some breeds are capable of producing a high quality of wool at a profit, but cannot be considered profitable mutton producers. The American merino is one of these breeds, but with all their many excellencies when we would no more think of keeping merino sheep to produce mutton at a profit than one would to keep Jersey cattle to produce beef at a profit.

Winter rations for mutton sheep should consist of fine, well-cured hay, about four pounds of ensilage or roots, with a grain ration approximating the following: Two parts each of wheat bran, oats, corn, one part of oilmeal divided into two feeds a day.

One reason why cornfields should be turned into the silo is that dried fodder corn deteriorates rapidly, and toward spring becomes hard, brittle and possesses little palatability. Silage loses much less than dry corn fodder, and is always relished by the animals, summer or winter.

Carrots and mangel-wurzels, or mangolds, are two neglected crops that are valuable and easily grown. Either of them produces heavily on good corn land and makes excellent winter food for all kinds of live stock and poultry. Carrots are especially good for cows and horses, while a few mangolds for cows, sheep and pigs promote health and growth. For poultry they make a perfect substitute for green feed or other kinds.

Calves are often troubled by ringworms. It is due to a vegetable parasite. The best treatment is sulphur ointment, made of powdered sulphur, lard, oil or grease. Wash the part affected with soapsuds and then apply the sulphur ointment.

Cows require from one to eight ounces of salt per day. The more concentrates they receive the more salt they require. It should be where they can have access to it every day. According to an experiment made at the Wisconsin station, about two ounces per cow per day is the average amount required.

Where the skin of the animal is blistered, the following treatment will usually make the hair grow: Mix thoroughly one-half pint of linseed oil, one-half pint of coal oil, four tablespoonfuls of powdered sulphur, and rub on the affected part twice a day.

PLAN TIMBER SAVING

St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 25.—Officials of the government, the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, the railroads and lumber companies are to deliver addresses at the lake states forest fire conference in St. Paul December 6 and 7, and from the suggestions they make a well-defined plan for the prevention of future destruction of life and property is expected to result.

The program for the conference has just been completed by J. E. Rhodes, president of the Minnesota Forestry association. Mr. Rhodes has succeeded in inducing many prominent men to agree to come to St. Paul to discuss the causes and prevention of forest fires, which, including the great Hinckley disaster in 1894, have cost hundreds of lives and millions of dollars in property.

The cause of these fires, it is believed, will cause one of the most important discussions. Investigations always follow the disasters, and there always is a hot argument concerning the cause. Recently it was charged that that blaze which destroyed Spooner and Baudette, Minn., and laid in waste thousands of acres of land, was caused by sparks from a locomotive on a Canadian railroad. This was vehemently denied by officials of the railroad, who in turn claimed the settlers themselves were to blame. It is expected that this most recent of fires will be thoroughly probed at the coming conference, and there is a chance that the responsibility for it will be fixed.

USE GOATS TO CLEAR LAND

Angoras Turn Dense Undergrowth Into Tillable Ground.

Denton, Md., Nov. 25.—Progressive farmers of Caroline county have found a new aid in farm work. The Angora goat, as a destroyer of bushes and briers and the undergrowth in ground to be turned into cultivation, is earning a high reputation.

One hundred and fifty of these animals have been at work for several months on the Reynolds tract owned by J. F. Funk, east of Denton; 60 of them are carried on the labor rolls of Edwin M. Garey, in Tuckahoe Neck, and a third company is in the service of Joseph Hummell, near Piney Grove, while some are found in other parts of the county.

A government authority claims that land can be cleared of the worst brush for a little less than nothing by Angora goats. They will pay a profit, by natural increase, and yield a fleece and at the same time live on leaves and weeds. By continually cropping the leaves, which serve as the lungs of the brush, a "sickness" is developed which sinks to the roots of the brush, preventing sprouting. In a year or two a flock of goats will make the land as clean as a garden.

Old Postal Rates.

London Chronicle.

The high postal rates that prevailed in the earlier years of the last century made the transmission of a letter or parcel a matter of serious moment.

"A packet weighing 23 ounces was once sent from Deal to London," writes Mrs. Eleanor Smyth in her life of Sir Rowland Hill. "The postage was over £6, being * * * four times as much as the charge for an inside place by the coach. Again, a parcel of official papers, small enough to slip inside an ordinary pocket, was sent from Dublin to another Irish town addressed to Sir John Burgoyne. By mistake it was charged as a letter instead of as a parcel and cost £11. For that amount the whole mail coach plying between the two towns with places for seven passengers and their luggage might have been hired."

KAFFIR CORN AS FEED FOR STOCK

Is Adapted to Various Soils and Will Outlast Bad Drouths.

Kaffir corn is a non-saccharine sorghum, introduced from South Africa about 26 years ago, and is grown extensively in some southern and western states, both as a stock forage and a grain crop.

The plant attains a height of 4 to 6½ feet, the stalks are thick, short-jointed, with broad leaves somewhat shorter and stiffer than corn leaves. The heads are compact, erect, 10 to 15 inches long.

While the crop is adapted to all soils, it makes its best growth and development on rich corn lands. At the same time, profitable crops can be produced on land that would be too poor for Indian corn. In cases of drouths, kaffir dorn may stop growing and the leaves curl up, as do corn leaves, but they remain green and start growing again after the first rain. If the stalks are cut, they sprout up again, producing a second or even a third crop.

The Kansas Agricultural college farm has been growing kaffir corn for fully 15 years, if not more. It recommends two varieties—the red and the black-hulled white. The former gave an average yield of 37 bushels per acre, and the latter 43 bushels. Many farmers in Kansas, which state is preeminently the adopted home of kaffir corn, think the red variety a little hardier in drouth.

Mixtures for Feeding.

Kaffir corn is an important ingredient, and with other small grains, it is largely used in growing chickens.

The test grain feeds for beef production in the corn belt, are corn, kaffir corn and linseed meal; in the south, cottonseed, corn, kaffir corn and soy beans.

It has been proved that for 100 pounds of gain in steers it requires 1,058 pounds of kaffir corn, against 1,028 pounds of Indian corn, or 1,032 pounds oats, 1,090 pounds wheat, 911 pounds peas or 914 pounds barley.

Kaffir corn grain is fed like corn for fattening cattle, poultry and all farm stock. According to the North Carolina station, mature kaffir corn contains 16:23 per cent water, 2.02 per cent ash, 6.92 per cent protein, 6.79 per cent fibre, 65.18 per cent nitrogen free extract and 2.86 per cent fat.

A bushel of kaffir corn produced 10.6 pounds of pork at the Kansas station, compared with a bushel of corn which produced 11.9 pounds of pork. But, owing to the greater yield of kaffir corn, an acre produced 487 pounds of pork, while an acre of corn produced but 410 pounds.

More Digestible if Ground.

For hogs, the best results have been secured when alfalfa, skim milk or soy beans have been fed with kaffir corn.

Kaffir cornmeal is somewhat constipating, and has been found especially valuable to feed with skim milk to calves.

For horses, the grain may be fed in the head; for colts and horses not working, the stalks and heads may be fed together.

At the Oklahoma station coarsely ground kaffir corn contained 40 per cent more digestible matter than the whole grain. Generally, for all farm animals, the grain should be ground. Poultry, however, digest the whole grain more completely than ground grain.

Kaffir corn fodder, without the grain, much resembles cornstalk fodder after the ears have been removed. Either as fodder or silage it is relished by cows and has been found to be nearly equal to corn.

In Oklahoma kaffir corn stover proved somewhat inferior to alfalfa hay, but equal to corn stover. In Kansas, kaffir corn stover proved superior to corn stover.

IRRIGATION IS A MODERN WONDER

Quarter Century Marks the Acreage Growth to 16,000,000 in U. S. Alone.

A quarter of a century is a very short period in the world's history, yet, in that time great revolutions have been recorded. Take the question of irrigation, which is so well understood now as to be commonplace, and in which so many people are interested and so many millions invested. Its whole history in the United States is compassed practically within the past 25 years. The following statement is taken from the Irrigation Age:

"Forty years ago about 20,000 acres were under irrigation in the United States, and during the following decade the acreage was increased to 1,000,000. This was increased to 3,631,000 in 1889, and to 9,000,000 in 1902, and the latest reports available show 16,000,000 acres, or 24 per cent of the land under irrigation throughout the world, which totals approximately 75,000,000 acres."

Thus it will be seen the United States has nearly one-quarter of the irrigated land in the world, and this will be constantly increased as one after another the great projects are finished. The great movement has been immensely added to by the active work and co-operation of the federal government, which has spent and is spending nearly $70,000,000 on a number of the big projects.

An $8,000,000 Dam.

The big Roosevelt dam in Arizona, alone cost $8,000,000, and the Elephant Butte project, on the Rio Grande in New Mexico, will cost that much more. Other plants in Colorado, Idaho, Montana and other western states, are also costing millions and adding enormously to the food production of the country. But the people are not waiting on the government. In the Pecos river district in Texas, the famous Mimbres valley in New Mexico, numerous sections in Colorado and other states, thousands of acres are being reclaimed entirely by private capital. Incalculable farm wealth will be thus added to the country's resources in a very few years.

PLANS FOR ORCHARD WORK

Harrisburg, Nov. 26.—More than 200 private orchards are to be added to the list of the state's demonstration model orchards and will be used at once for practical lessons in pruning, spraying and other allied work which can be carried on in the late fall and early winter. In addition to this contemplated addition the list of supervision model orchards, which already numbers nearly 1,000 premises, is being constantly augmented in every county.

Field workers and orchard demonstrators of the deparment of agriculture who have been engaged in the semi-annual "round-up" or "normal school" work here, have all returned to their respective districts, and are now making arrangements for public demonstrations during the late fall.

Prof. Surface expects to announce the list of the new demonstration model orchards in the near future with the dates upon which the fall meetings will be held at each.

Hog Cholera

WHY LET HOGS DIE OF CHOLERA

The Snoddy Remedy will stop the disease and save the sick hogs and stop further developments of the disease on your herd, and will save the sick that are able to take the treatment, it is also the greatest worm exterminater and thrift producer on the market.

Snoddy's free booklet which fully explains the whole method of saving diseased hogs or keeping well hogs clear of worms and thrifts will be sent free by return mail to any person who will send his name and address to the Snoddy Remedy Co., Sta. T, Alton, Ill.

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the Best Made Will Stand the Test in Any Climate

The long fibre wool felt used in Atlas, is the only kind of material you would have as the base and body of the roofing you use on your buildings, if you knew its superior quality and merit. It holds the roofing together compactly and solidly, increases the endurance, the wear and life of the roof. Remember, a building is only as good as its roof.

We carry large stocks of Atlas roofing at various points in the United States, from which to ship to your station promptly, as soon as your order reaches us. We guarantee safe delivery and satisfaction. Atlas roofing comes in three weights, one of which is just suited to the job you have in hand. The three grades are called Standard, Heavy and Extra Heavy. They are of different thickness, but are of the same quality—Atlas quality—in every case. You cannot buy better roofing, even if you pay more money. If you are not certain which weight you need, send for free samples of Atlas roofing and we will mail you some of each to look over and examine.

All Atlas Roofing is 32 inches wide, and one roll of either weight contains 108 square feet. Standard Atlas weighs 34 lbs; Heavy Atlas, 44 lbs.; Extra Heavy Atlas, 64 lbs. per roll. We have sold Atlas for years—millions of dollars worth—and know it will stand every guarantee that any roofing will. It is the very best.

No Tar or Other Injurious Substances used in Our Atlas Roofing.

Our Atlas Long Fibre Felt Roofing is better than shingles for new or old roofs. Made of selected long fibre wool felt, saturated with asphalt, surfaced on both sides with a composition which looks like rubber. Always pliable, not affected by heat or cold; waterproof, acidproof, fireproof; will not taint rain water; easier to lay than shingles and lasts longer; no painting or roof coating required. Enough large headed galvanized nails and cement for laps to lay it included with every roll.

At Our Price, About Half Usual Retail Prices, we Pay the Freight to Your Station. AT OUR NEW FREIGHT PREPAID PRICES we are giving you the greatest roofing values ever offered. We have sold thousands of rolls, now giving satisfaction on thousands of roofs. You can't get better prepared roofing no matter what price you pay. Send for free samples. Send your order or request for samples to our nearest address—19th and Campbell Sts., Kansas City, or Chicago Avenue Bridge, Chicago. 130

Our prices on Atlas Roofing, freight paid are: To all points south and Arkansas and west as far as Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas **$1.27** per roll for the standard Atlas, **$1.58** per roll for heavy Atlas, **$1.94** for extra heavy Atlas; to points in Oklahoma, Texas and Louisiana, **$1.45** per roll for standard Atlas, **$1.85** for heavy Atlas, **$2.20** for extra heavy Atlas; to all other points in the United States **$1.61** for standard Atlas, **$2.02** for heavy Atlas, **$2.43** for extra heavy Atlas. Each roll contains **108** square feet and we send enough large headed galvanized nails and cement for laps to lay it. At these freight prepaid prices you must order at least three rolls. If you want samples we will send them free. Send your order or request for samples to our nearest address.

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Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

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THE ONE REMEDY which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

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Railway mail, customs, internal revenue employees wanted. Examinations announced everywhere January 15. Coaching free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 32, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted A man or woman to act as our information reporter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. $50 to $300 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. Sales Mgr., 653 Association Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my sample and particulars. Money Makers. Address HAYMAN, 605 Suyman Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS wanted to sell original Native Herbs. A box of 250 tablets for 60c. Address P. Melone, Dept. 61, Columbus, Ohio.

AGENTS wanted in every county to sell Transparent Handle Pocket Knives. Big commission and bonus. From $75 to $300 a month can be made. Write quick for terms. Novelty Cutlery Co., 138 Water st., Canton, O.

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WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men who will travel and distribute samples to dealers. Permanent position. Write for contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT 24 PARSONS, KANS.

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TEXAS SCHOOL LANDS. Over 1,000,000 acres for sale by the state; you can get 640 acres at $2 an acre; pay $32 cash and balance after 40 years; fine farm land and healthy climate. For further information send 6c postage to Investor Pub. Co., Dept. C, San Antonio, Tex.

A BARGAIN—Michigan farm of 160 acres for sale or would consider a small hotel in good town. Write for particulars, Box 155, Whitehall, Michigan.

FOR SALE—Some choice large farms, perfectly equipped; money makers; in best residence section in Michigan, near Ann Arbor, the world's educational center. Write at once to ANN ARBOR REALTY CO., ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN.

85 Acres $4600

Stock, Tools and Crop Included

10 cows, 2 horses, 8 calves, flock of hens, farming machinery and all tools besides growing crops will be included if taken now, owner very ill and unable to work farm any longer; 5¼ miles to village, churches, stores and schools; 45 acres of fertile fields, 30 acres in pasture, 10 acres in timber, good size orchard, factory 15-room house, 30x40 barn and other outbuildings. For picture of residence and details of this and other farm bargains see page 31, Strout's Biggest Farm Bargains." Just out. Copy free. Station 105, E. A. STROUT, Union Bank Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

TOBACCO CURES.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED OR NO COST—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Vi-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

WANTED Union Soldiers who home steaded some land, but less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to additional rights even though entry was relinquished or abandoned. If soldier is dead, widow or heirs have his rights.

I Pay Spot Cash for These Claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacoby Bldg., Denver, Colo

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $5 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting showcards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars. ROYAL REMEDY CO., London, Ont., Canada.

Galloping Kitchen.

Chicago Tribune.

The British soldier is notoriously fond of his rations, and, like every other soldier is a poor fighter when his meals do not appear with proper regularity.

So that Tommy Atkins may not be kept a second late from his beef and tea the army has rigged up a novel "galloping kitchen," a cooker on wheels, which cooks as it goes and can rattle along on its gun carriage over the roughest roads a horse can take, the provender boiling away all the time.

There is a boiler divided into four compartments and a firebox below, nothing more. The arrangement could not be simpler, and it saves the annoyance of setting up a whole cooking outfit at every stop when the army is on a rapid march, and also assures a meal to the detachment that is away from camp on a scouting or skirmishing expedition.

A Change on the Range.

Sure one big change has hit this range
Since the summer of '8- -n-ne.
When I blew West in hopeful quest
Of a lallapalloosa mine;
Which, I regret, the same as yet
Has eluded my efforts fine.

I weren't no hand at washing sand
Nor at swinging a single-jack;
The mining game was much too tame
For a lad like your Uncle Mack—
I pulled my freight at a rapid gait
And burned up the homeward track.

But I disgress, which I confess
Is a failing I sometimes own;
I'll start again for to explain
Of how modern the range has grown
Since I punched steers for Wild Bill Speers
And his buddy Old Ute Malone.

We thought it right to pick a fight,
And your enemy punctuate
With slugs of lead till he fell dead,
But that custom is out of date;
For now they go, a leetle slow—
It's the fash'on to arbitrate.

In them old days we couldn't raise
On a section of sagebrush land
No crop but cows, which same would browse
On the cactus which thrived on sand;
The grub we had, I'll simply add,
Was the kind that's mostly canned.

Now see the crops, from spuds to hops,
That are raised in this arid state;
There ain't no rain, but pipe the grain
Since we've learned to irrigate;
The record made with ditch and spade
Is a marvel to contemplate.

In frontier days we sung the praise
Of the skate with the ten-mile gait;
But he's passay—the motor shay
Sent the bronco to hauling freight.
And now I hear, about next year,
All the ranches will aviate.

We hesitate to punctuate
With a six-gun the foe we hate;
We arbitrate and irrigate—
Soon we punchers will aviate.
Sure one big change has h t this range
Since I served my novitiate.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Camphor.

Harper's Weekly.

Almost the entire supply of camphor now comes from Formosa. The demand has increased to such an extent that the attention of the leading countries of the world has been directed to opening up a new source of supply. This is made necessary by the fact that in the manufacture of modern explosives that are used in highpower guns camphor forms an important ingredient.

Now that the Japanese government controls the wor d's supply of the product it is by no means certain that it may be obtained in the desired quantities at all times in the future. In order to provide against any such contingency as this the growth of the camphor shrub is being encouraged in Florida and Texas under the auspices of the federal government. It is said that the shrubs have thr ved wonderfully well.

The process in operation in Formosa for extracting the camphor is to chop the trees down and cut them into small pieces, from which the camphor is then distilled. The men in charge of the camphor trees in this country adopt a different method.

They sow the seeds of the shrubs like wheat or oats, and the shrubs q ckly sprout. When they have attained a height of about three feet they are cut down by a mowing machine at a height of about a foot from the ground. The several portions are put through the distilling process, and the camphor extracted.

From the tender stubble other shoots spring up, and the cutting process can be repeated once a year for several years. It is said that a better quality of camphor can be obtained by this method than by the ancient process in use in Formosa.

A Plague of Mice.

Ottawa Citizen.

A district 20 miles beyond Chelicamp, in the far northwest of Cape Breton, has a terrific plague of mice. The whole country swarms with the destructive creatures. The mice have burrowed underground and excavated a network of subterranean roads.

They began their destructive work on the hay crop, cutting it as it stood in the fields. When that was stored they attacked the grain and the 40 farmers there have saved only seven bushels. They attacked the potatoes and the diggers on opening up the drills find little more than the stem of the larger potatoes left in the ground. The mice have carried their work of destruction to the woods and are stripping the bark from the saplings and now they are entering houses, cutting their way through the wall and threatening to destroy clothes and household furniture.

No remedy is in sight. The people have been digging pits to entrap them, but in spite of myriads destroyed in this way there seems to be no abatement of the plague. The farmers are afraid to use poison for fear of polluting the streams and wells from which their cattle derive their supply of water.

The Most Fatal Disease.

Youth's Companion.

This is the terrible appellation which Col. Seely, the Br tish under-secretary for the colonies, gives to the sleeping sickness of Africa. This disease is communicated by the famous tsetse, and Sir David Bruce has reported that out of hundreds of thousands of cases he did not know of a single recovery. A strange fact is that the sleeping sickness has spread enormously since the coming of white men into the regions affected by it. Heroic efforts have been made to stay the scourge, but it is not yet arrested, although encouraging progress has been made. The plan of removing the natives from the infected lake shores has not proven so effectual a remedy as was hoped.

Aerial Transportation in Africa.

Scientific American.

It is said that the French colonial army intends to establish aerial transportation across the desert of Sahara to link the French North African possessions with those of the Congo. One critic remarks that in alighting sand is likely to work itself into the motor and that unless the aeroplane flies at a height of over 1,000 feet sand storms may play havoc with the machinery. The French are likewise considering carrying mail by aeroplane in Madagascar between Antananarivo, Ambrosia and Fianarantsoa. The distance each way is 250 miles and it takes a week to deliver the mail at Fianarantsoa. An aeroplane could cover the distance in six hours.

Peacocks 110 Years Old.

Glasgow Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Thomas Lambert, a farmer of Sulphur Well, Metcalfe county, is believed to be the owner of the oldest peafowl in the world. The bird apparently is just as active as ever. He has roosted in trees 110 years.

In 1810 Horatio Thompson came to Kentucky from Virginia, bringing with him this peafowl. The bird was then between 10 and 15 years old. When Mr. Thompson died this gay knight of fowldom passed to Thomas Lambert.

For 75 years this peafowl roosted on the same limb of a large oak tree until the tree was cut down. This bird is known over all of southern Kentucky, and Peafowl school in Metcalfe county, was named in ..is honor.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Do the citizens of the District of Columbia have the right to vote in the national elections? Hosts of the city of Washington governed?—H. A. H., Kendallville, Ind.

This country is a union of states; only states have representatives in congress and only the citizens of states are allowed to vote for presidential electors. Refer to the constitution, and you will see that it says, in article 2, section 1, clause 2, that "each state shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, etc. It says "states"—therefore the people of a territory, of the District of Columbia, who do not live in a state, cannot vote for electors; and as only states can have representatives, the people of the territories and of the District can not vote for them.

There are, of course, no state or county officers for whom the people of the District could vote; and the government of the District is vested by law in the hands of a commission of three persons, who appoint all subordinate officials. Formerly it had an elective government, but this proved to be extravagant and wasteful, so congress abolished it and substituted the present plan. It is the best and most economically governed city in the country, and taxes are much lower there than in other cities of the same size.

FALCONS

Please describe the different species of falcons.—A. D. S., Mannington, W. Va.

The falcons proper are the most perfectly developed of the feathered race for strength, symmetry and powers of flight. They are distinguished by having the beak hooked at the point, the upper mandible with a notch or tooth on its cutting edge. The wings are long and powerful, the second feather rather the longest; legs short and strong. The largest falcons are the three great arctic ones, represented by the circumpolar jerfalcons and its congeners, the Greenland, Iceland and Labrador falcons. The feregrine was the most highly esteemed for the fierceness, dash and perfection with which she worked. The female is about 17 inches long and three and one-half feet in extent of wings; the male is two or three inches less. The head, neck, a patch under the eye and the whole upper surface are dusky, with gray and brownish shades; the throat and under parts whitish or cream-colored with dusky bars and arrowheads; legs and feet yellow, bill bluish; chiefly in habits wild districts and preys on grouse, ducks, pigeons, rabbits etc., pouncing upon them from above with terrific swiftness and force, and always betraying the greatest courage in its encounters with rivals or in defense of its nest, which is usually placed on a ledge of some lofty cliff. This species is to be found in nearly all corners of the globe, for the North American duck-hawk and certain tropical forms are only sub-species.

Other American true falcons are the pigeon-hawk, sparrow-hawk and some closely allied western and northern forms. Many of the old world falcons are famous. They are known as the European hobby, kestrel, merlin and lanner; the Asiatic shaheen, saker, luggur, turumti and other species known by eastern names; the Australian quailhawk, and the large African gerfalcon, which has the peculiarity of possessing two teeth on the edge of the beak. Falcons attain a great age. One is said to have been found in France, about 1790, with a collar of gold dated 1620, showing it to have belonged to James I. of England.

THE APOSTLES

Will you please give me the names of the twelve apostles?—H. F. A., Dandridge, Tenn.

The names of the twelve apostles chosen by Christ to aid him are: Simon Peter and Andrew, his brother; James the greater, and John, his brother, who were the sons of Zebedee; Philip, of Bethsaida, Bartholomew, Thomas, Matthew, James, the son of Alpheus, commonly called James the less; Lebbeus, his brother, who was surnamed Thaddeus, and was called Judas or Jude; Simon the Canaanite, and Judas Iscariot. When Judas committed suicide after betraying Christ, Matthias was chosen by lot to take his place. Soon after the nmber of apostles became thirteen by the miraculous vocation of Saul, who was afterward known as Paul. The Bible also gives the name of apostle to Barnabas, who accompanied Paul in his missions.

STEPHEN GIRARD

Will the Question Bureau please give a short biography of the life of Stephen Girard?—C. E. B., Evergreen, W. Va.

Stephen Girard was born near Bordeaux, France, in 1750, died in Philadelphia in 1831. He was the son of a sea captain, and went to sea as a cabin-boy at an early age. He obtained promotion, and made several voyages from Bordeaux to New Orleans as captain and finally as part owner of the vessel. In 1769 he established himself in Philadelphia, as shipmaster and merchant. In 1780 he returned to the West India trade, and in 1782 laid the foundation of his fortune by taking a lease of a range of stores, which he sublet at a large profit. As a merchant, he became owner of about $50,000, placed on one of his ships for safety by several merchants of Hayti, who were afterward massacred, with their entire families, by the negroes of that island. During the war of 1812, Mr. Girard was the financial mainstay of the government. At his death, his estate amounted to about $9,000,000, the bulk of which he bequeathed for charitable purposes. His principal bequest was over $2,000,000, together with a plot of ground in Philadelphia, for the erection and support of a college for orphans. The buildings of Girard college were begun in 1833, and opened January 1, 1848. The principal building is a magnificent specimen of Greek architecture, in the form of a temple, surrounded by 31 elaborate Corinthian columns. As many poor white male orphans as the endowment can support are admitted between the ages of 6 and 10 years, fed, clothed and educated between the ages of 14 and 18 are bound out to mechanical, agricultural or commercial occupations. By a provision of Girard's will, no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any religious sect is to hold any connection with the college, or be admitted to the premises even as a visitor. The object of this, in Girard's words, is, "to keep the tender minds of the orphans who are to receive advantage from this bequest free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce," leaving them free to choose on their entrance into active life, "such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

Please give a biography of Captain John Smith, the colonist.—B. J., Shelly, W. Va.

John Smith, the adventurer and founder of Virginia, was born in England in 1579, and died in 1631. When he was young he took part in the wars in the Netherlands, and afterwards fought against the Turks, was taken prisoner and sent as a slave to Constantinople. He was sent to the sea of Azov, where he escaped to a Russian garrison on the Don. Smith returned to England and joined the expedition of Newport to Virginia, setting sail December 19, 1606. At the Canaries he was charged with a conspiracy to make himself king of Virginia, and was kept prisoner for the rest of the voyage. His trial resulted in an acquittal. Smith was then admitted to his rights as a member of the council, and by his skill and energy saved the colony from destruction. On one of his expeditions into the country to obtain corn he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and his life was saved, it is said, by Pocahontas. In June and July, 1608, Smith explored the coasts of Chesapeake Bay as far as the Patapsco, and afterwards to the head of the bay. He was now the president of the colony and administered its affairs with energy, restoring order and confidence. But the company in England was dissatisfied and he was superseded, returning to England, September, 1609. In 1614 he explored, with two ships, the New England coast, and the following year he went again to that part of America to found a colony, but was captured by a French man-of-war, and carried to La Rochelle.

SOME FLORIDA HISTORY

Will you please tell about the different nations that have possessed Florida?—B. S., Union Mills, Ind.

As everyone knows, the Spaniards were the first to discover Florida and take possession of the country as their own. But they did little to settle the country, and in 1673 East and West Florida were ceded to Great Britain. In the next 20 years more than 25,000 whites settled there. It was then receded to Spain in 1783, and most of the English settlers withdrew. In 1795 West Florida was sold to France. After the Louisiana Purchase of 1803 the United States claimed part of Florida as a portion of the purchase, but the claim was not pressed for fear of war. But in 1810 the United States took possession of all of West Florida except Mobile, over which they obtained control during the war of 1812. The people in the southern states found East Florida very troublesome, for the Spanish government allowed anarchy to rule supreme, as there was no stable government to control it. Congress authorized Madison to take possession of it in 1811, but there was nothing done until 1818 when Jackson invaded it to punish Spanish assistance to Seminole raids and withholding fugitive slaves. In 1819 Spain ceded the district to this country because it was profitless and untenable to the Spanish.

MAVERICK

Please give the origin of the term maverick as applied to some cattle.—B., Basin, Mont.

The term maverick is used as the name of an unbranded steer, especially one appropriated by a chance finder. It is in common use among the cattlemen of the United States and is derived from the name of Samuel Maverick, a Texas cattleman, who, according to one story, had neglected to brand his cattle and so when they stampeded, mingling with other herds, claimed all unbranded cattle in the country. Another form of the legend is that the cattlemen refused to register brands, Maverick shrewdly suggested that he would not brand his steers, and that they could be distinguished as "Maverick's" by the absence of any mark. The result was that all young and stray cattle he found unbranded were appropriated by him. From this use of the word grew a wider application to anything dishonestly come by.

TAPIOCA

I would like to have you tell me all you can about tapioca. Does it grow or is it manufactured?—B. M. C., Caldwell, Idaho.

Tapioca is a starchy product manufactured from the rootstocks of cassava or manioc. The plant is a perennial herb which grows to about three feet in height. The fleshy cylindrical rootstocks are often three feet long and wtigh 25 or more pounds. In the tropics, especially of South America, where the plant is native, manioc is extensively cultivated, and in Florida and other parts of the southern states it is also grown. The usual practice in the West Indies is to plunge pieces of stem about 30 inches long into the ground, preferably a sandy loam, and let it care for itself, except for an occasional hoeing to kill weeds. At harvest time the rootstocks are dug, washed and rasped or grated to set the starch free. The fibre is removed as in potato starch making, by maceration in water. The powder is then dried by heating it upon iron plates, a process which results in the familiar form of "pearl tapioca," seen in northern markets.

EASTER

How is it determined on what day Easter comes?—W. P. K., Utica, O.

Formerly the Jews celebrated Easter on the 14th day of the month of March. The Christians also celebrated it in the same month, but always on Sunday. Sometimes both Christians and Jews celebrated it the same day. This was thought un-Christian, and therefore it was decided that Easter should be on the first Sunday after the paschal full moon (14th day of the calendar moon, or the full moon which happens on or next after the 21st of March. If the full moon happens upon a Sunday then Easter day is the first Sunday following.

SIR GEORGE CARTERET

Please tell what you can of the life of Sir George Carteret.—G. S. H., Sebewaing, Mich

Sir George Carteret, the English provincial proprietor, was born at St. Ouen, Jersey, between 1609-17, and died January 14, 1679. His career in the British navy was distinguished. Being an active supporter of the royalist cause he was made lieutenant-governor of the island of Jersey and vice-admiral. As he was interested in colonization he received a royal grant, "in perpetual inheritance," of certain lands in America "to be called New Jersey," the name being taken from the island of which he had been governor. In 1651 he surrendered to the commonwealth and served for a time in the French navy, returning to England at the restoration. In 1661 he was made treasurer of the navy, and eight years later was suspended for mismanagement of the funds. In 1664 Carteret was made joint proprietor with Lord Berkeley of the province of New Jersey under a grant from the Duke of York, and in 1673 when the province was divided East Jersey fell to his share. Carteret was also one of the first proprietors of Carolina.

THE MISSISSIPPI

Is the source of the Mississippi river lower than its mouth? If so what causes it to flow the way it does?—F. C. B., Buckhannon, W. Va.

The source of the Mississippi could not be on a lower level than the mouth of the river for then it would be impossible for the river to flow the way it does. At its extreme source the surface of the water at its mean elevation is 1,535 feet above sea level. At St. Paul, Minn., it is 680.5 feet above the level of the sea. On the other hand at New Orleans, La., the mean-water elevation is 8 feet above sea-level, and at its mouth is 1.8 feet.

TO MAKE A HECTOGRAPH

Will the Question Bureau please publish a formula for making a hectograph?—E. H., Wabash, Ind.

Soak an ounce of gelatine over night in enough cold water to cover it well, and see that the gelatine is all swelled. Dissolve two ounces common salt in one pint of water. Heat six or seven ounces of pure gelatine over this salt-water bath to a temperature of 200 degrees F. Pour off from the gelatine all the water remaining unabsorbed, and add the gelatine to the hot glycerine. Continue the heating for about an hour, stirring so as to avoid the formation of bubbles or froth. Add 20 drops of oil of cloves to prevent decomposition. The composition should now be poured into the vessel in which it is to be used. A shallow cake tin may be taken for this purpose. When it is filled with the composition it must be placed in a level position in a cool place, free from dust, and left there for five hours. Before using pass a wet sponge over the face of the gelatine, and allow it to nearly dry before taking the first copy. Use a new steel hectograph pen in making the writing or drawing to be copied. After the writing becomes dry place it face down on the pad and rub gently on the back to insure perfect contact of every part. Leave it on the pad for about a minute, and remove it carefully, taking hold of one corner of the paper and pulling it off slowly. You can then proceed to take copies by placing the papers on the pad one at a time. After securing the desired number of copies wash the pad lightly with a sponge wet with cold water and let it dry before using again.

HIGH EXPLOSIVES

What is the most explosive substance in the world?—H. E. N., Clarla, W. Va.

Nitroglycerin and dynamite are considered as high explosives, as they are more powerful than gunpowder. In handling, nitroglycerin is the most dangerous of all the explosives, it being safer to transport dynamite.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. K. M., Orrville, O.—We cannot give you the names of the presidents of the United States who were Free Masons.

V. P., Fayetteville, Tenn.—To answer your question would be a violation of the rules of the Question Bureau.

C. S., Williams, Cal.—Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for information relating to homesteads.

B. M., Panther, W. Va.—We do not know the author of the quotation you make.

J. M. D., Wytheville, Va.—There is no tariff on coffee at the present time.

W. L. C., Caulwood, Va.—We have no sketch of the life of F. C. Ingersoll.

J. L. P., Clinton, N. C.—To answer your question would require more space than the Question Bureau has at its disposal.

N. M., Pekin, Ind.—Soldiers who fought in the civil war receive pensions.

V. V., Clayton, Mich.—New Mexico and Arizona have not yet been formally admitted to the Union as states.

OBERLIN COLLEGE PROSPEROUS

Receives $131.740 in Gifts and Enrollment Greatest in History.

Oberlin, Nov. 25.—The treasurer's report to the president of Oberlin college shows that during the academic year of 1909-10 the college received for current expenses gifts to the amount of $131,740.56. These include $93,880.94 from an annonymous donor toward the construction of the men's building, $25,642.75 from Andrew Carnegie for the completion of the Carnegie library, and $4,620.27 from the Carnegie foundation for the pensions of retired professors. A total of $22,760 was received for additional endowment. Besides these sums the college has received notice of three bequests to be paid in a short time to the treasurer, aggregating $58,000.

The report of the secretary shows that the number of students in attendance during the year 1909-10 reached a total of 1,993, the largest number in the history of the college.

PNEUMONIA FATAL TO PACKER

Michael Cudahy, Founder of House, Died Sunday in Chicago.

Chicago, Nov. 28.—Michael Cudahy, founder of the packing firm bearing his name, died last night at a hospital here of pneumonia. Mr. Cudahy had been ill for five days, the disease becoming serious early Saturday morning.

Mr. Cudahy was born in Ireland Dec. 7, 1841. He came to the United States with his parents in 1849, the family settling at Milwaukee, Wis. When a boy of 15 he became an employe in a Milwaukee packing house. He attracted the attention of the late P. D. Armour and at Mr. Armour's solicitation came to Chicago. In 1873 he was made a partner in the firm of Armour & Co. and continued in this connection until 1890, when he aided in organizing the Cudahy Packing Co., of which he was made president. His brothers, John and Patrick, were associated with him.

Mr. Cudahy was one of the organizers and president of the North American Transportation & Trading Co.

Herring and the Lasses.

Consular and Trade Reports.

There are two seasons for catching herring on the west coast of Europe. One begins late in May or early in June at the Orkney Islands and follows the shoals of herring down the east coast of Scotland and England until it reaches Yarmouth, where it ends late in September or early in October.

The fishermen go out in trawlers and land their catch at the numerous ports along this coast. The fish are sold in "crants," containing 1,000 herring each. In a good season the trawler owners and the fishermen and fisherwomen make good profits, but in a poor season the reverse happens.

One feature of the herring season at the different ports on the east coast is the arrival of the "Scotch lasses," who follow the fishing fleets down and "gut" and "pickle" the fish on the piers as they are brought in by the trawlers. In a good season these "lasses" will earn from $8 to $10, but in a poor season, like the present one, they will receive little more than their board, which is guaranteed them on engagement.

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This shuts off external sounds from the Auditory Nerve, just as switching off the electric current makes a telegraph instrument stop clicking.

The Inner Ear Device rests lightly in the ear hole, entirely out of sight, and forces the sound to focus to a central point on the natural drum.

A moment before, you were deaf—NOW you hear every sound DISTINCTLY! The tiny device, with its marvelous power to magnify and concentrate sound, wakes the deadened drum to action. Conversation, music, laughter, even the faintest sounds, are heard as perfectly as ever. Over 326,000 men and women have had hearing restored by this device. Can you doubt these living witnesses?

You owe it to yourself—you who are deaf or "hard of hearing"—you who have buzzing, ringing noises in the head; earache; broken, thickened or weakened ear drums—you who have tried so many things"—to read the letters of 400 living witnesses in their own "EXPERIENCE BOOK."

The book tells all about the Inner Ear Device and gives the thrilling story of the deaf man who tried almost everything, but never gave up hope and finally invented the Device known as the Wilson Ear Drum, that has delivered over half a million people from the curse of deafness.

The book will be forwarded free, postage fully prepaid, if you merely write a postal to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 178 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky. Send for it today by all means—you can't get your hearing back too soon. (8)

U. S. SURPRISES SCOT

Bank of Scotland President Says "Wonderful."

Spending his first Thanksgiving day in America, the Hon. Campbell Brown, president of the Bank of Scotland at Oban, on the west coast of Argyle shore, Scotland, was greeted by many Scottish-Americans in Toledo Thursday.

Mr. Brown's mission to America at this time is to accentuate the interest of all Scottish-Americans in the great home-coming event to be held in Bonnie Scotland next summer. He is a member of the Scottish welcome Home committee, and stopped in Toledo a few hours after paying brief visits to his countrymen in Washington and Chicago.

He will next visit the Scots of Montreal, Canada, his purpose being to interview the leading members of the international committee of the Scots of America.

"Perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, when asked his opinion of Uncle Sam's domain. "You think nothing of distances in the United States.

Experiences Surprise Him.

"In company with Senator Douglas and Judge Leckie, of Washington, members of the Scots' Home-Going committee, I spent a day in the halls of congress, all of which was exceedingly interesting. Next morning I woke up in Chicago, and the following night, in the LaSalle hotel, slept 14 stories up in the air, and felt none the worse for my experience.

"But, my! what a hustle and bustle there is in that splendid city of Chicago! I was so glad to meet my own countryman, James B. Horgan, president of the Fourth National bank, and others."

Have All Home Rule They Want.

Expressing himself quite emphatically on the question of home rule for Scotland, Mr. Brown said:

"Do you think I am collecting money for Scottish home rule? Never! When Scots demand local government, they will get it.

"We are not anxious for home rule, and we get all we want. My countrymen hold the majority of responsible positions throughout the British empire. Take Canada and Australia, for example.

Wants to Be Called "British."

"Why do you call everything in the tight little island English. We are not English. We are British. Scotland was never conquered. She gave up her flag, as did Wales and England, in the act of union when they adopted the Union Jack—crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick.

"No, we shall never witness the spectacle of America and Britain crossing swords," continued the Scot. "With the spirit of good will and brotherhood abroad, such a sad spectacle would be impossible. In our country we admire the wonderful strides made by the United States. We are pushing ahead also, but at a slower gait."

STOVE FIRES GUN AT NEIGHBOR

Rifle Laid Too Near Heat Nearly Kills Man Next Door.

Altoona, Pa., Nov. 26.—Following the crack of a rifle next door, Daniel Devore was shot in the back by a bullet which came through the partician, while eating his supper, last night, at Alfarata, Huntington county.

But for the fact that the force of the bullet was partially spent in passing through a studding he would have been killed. As it is his condition is critical.

Frank Metz, who occupied the other half of the house, came home from a deer hunt and laid his rifle on a chair, where the heat from the kitchen fire accidentally discharged it.

"LORD" STANLEY IS DIVORCED

Wife Gets Decree From Bogus English Nobleman.

Baltimore, Nov. 28.—Mrs. Irene Stanley has been granted an absolute divorce from Harry F. Shanley, the bogus Lord Stanley, alias Duke of Aberdeen, by the Cecil county court at Elkton, Md. The court also issued a decree changing her name from Mrs. Stanley to her maiden name of Irene F. Clayton.

Stanley posed as a nobleman among many Maryland families and is said to have borrowed considerable sums from well-meaning American fathers on the strength of his title. Exposed after his wedding, he cheerfully admitted he was a counterfeit and disappeared.

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The Home in Winter

With the approach of winter come pleasant anticipations of long, restful evenings. The average American fireside has many fascinations, and the home in winter is a sacred place to those who have toiled and garnered the fruits of their industry. Winter brings time for retrospection and for the formation of plans for the future. Best of all are the hours for reading and reflection. It is at this time that the family newspaper has its greatest number of appreciative patrons. The advertiser recognizes this fact when he buys more space and thus adds to the life and general attractiveness of the newspaper. The Blade wishes to direct attention to its own advertising columns. The reader should not overlook them. It will be to his advantage to keep an eye out for opportunities that are presented through Blade columns.

A hint to the wise is superfluous.

To the victors belong the turmoils.

Many of the good aeronauts die young.

Few persons like to start a rumor, but many like to keep it going.

There is always one more fight left in a body of English suffragettes.

A pessimist never expects to find the sun shining when he gets up in the morning.

If thoughts are to be photographed what's the use of a politician keeping quiet?

A Washington woman, after years of patience, finally found a man under her bed.

Mr. Carnegie pities rich men's sons, but not many of them are taking him seriously.

If women could throw straight those English suffragattes would soon get the ballot.

There'll now be no further need of anybody in this country passing as Belle Elmore.

A St. Louis schoolgirl has inherited $30,000,000, but she is not old enough to marry a title.

An English peer is to marry an Indian princess. The amount of her wealth is not given.

Tolstoi's death reminded some people that they had never heard of him while he was alive.

There is no accounting for tastes. The story is told of a nurse who has eloped with an ossified man.

When a boy shoots at a rat and kills his father it is time to begin teaching the youngsters marksmanship.

After a man discovers that he knows a great deal about the initiative and referendum he likes to talk about it.

Aviator Latham says aeroplaning is a positive cure for consumption. And one drop sometimes makes a does.

If census reports are reliable most of the back-to-the-soil movements have taken place in front of office desks.

Few men have drawn more newspaper obituaries than Count Tolstoi. Everybody seems to have been ready for him.

Our idea of taming a speed maniac would be to make him drive a traction engine over rough roads for a few months.

It is the general belief that Champ Clark will be much tamer in congress when he has to shoulder some of the responsibility.

A New York woman says there are six reasons for marrying a second time. But is there a good reason for marrying six times?

We have no doubt that there was a lot of fault-finding among the bystanders while the Egyptians were building the pyramids.

English suffragettes are always disappointed when they are not arrested. They would rather be martyrs than anything they can think of.

One man aged 60 has been sentenced to ten months' imprisonment for kissing a woman aged 70. They never seem to get too old to take a chance.

It is proposed that cold storage should be limited by law to one year. It seems too long. A great many things can happen to an egg in one year.

Poster pictures advertising for recruits make life in the United States army look like a grand, sweet song, and yet there are occasional desertions.

In response to a legislative order 200,000,000 queues are to be cut off in China. What a howl there would be in this country if side whiskers were prohibited by law.

Bachelor farmers of the northwest want striking girl garment workers sent them as wives. Like George Ade's farmer, doubtless they would be willing to give the girls sixteen hours in which to do a day's work.

THE OHIO POPULATION.

The increase in the population of Ohio in the last 10 years may prove, when all the figures are in, to have been urban. The country districts of Ohio, as those of Missouri, may have made no increase whatever. Indeed, no one should be surprised if the full reports of the census bureau show that rural population in Ohio has actually decreased.

The population of the state was 4,157,545 in 1900, which gives Ohio an increase of 609,576 in ten years. In this period Cleveland made a gain of 178,895; Cincinnati, 28,661; Columbus, 55,988; Toledo, 36,675; Dayton, 31,244. Thus in the five cities a total increase in population was made of 340,463. There is left an increase of 269,113 to divide among the other cities and towns and the country sections. Reports from Canton and Youngstown show really remarkable increases. Scores of other communities can show substantial gains. The inference must be that the farming population has stood still if it has not actually gone backward.

Ohio has developed wonderfully as an industrial state in the last few years. It holds control of virtually all the lake ore trade. Several towns have been transformed from quiet mercantile communities to busy mill towns. The fringes of Cleveland, Toledo and Cincinnati, not to mention smaller centers, are made up of smoking factories and miles of railroad yards. Yet, in spite of this industrial development, Ohio remains a great agricultural state. It is still a great producer. It has rich fields, acres upon acres of vines, and rivals some of the far western states in the production of fruit. There has been room for agricultural development while manufacturing industry was getting a foothold. It should be a matter of grave concern to every citizen in Ohio that the farms have not attracted new folk even though it might be true they have yielded higher values. The oversight of opportunities in the country, in order that those in the city be seized, does not make a great state or improve its position as a domain of comfort and happiness.

BRAZIL'S DREADNOUGHTS.

The Brazilian government probably did the best it could in the circumstances by voting amnesty to the naval mutineers. The rebels had the best of the situation and appreciated the fact thoroughly. Events show that not only are they determined upon getting their claims adjusted to their liking, but also that they purpose having a good time before they return to the business of handling ashes and polishing brass.

The most interesting point about this mutiny is the question it brings up as to the future. The government of Brazil is now having Dreadnoughts built in Europe which will be upon nearly a par with the most modern of warships, being eclipsed only by an untested type known as the super-Dreadnought. When the vessels were ordered suspicion was aroused that they were not for Brazil, but for Japan, that country wishing to avoid the appearance of haste and eagerness in naval construction. Brazil indignantly made denial. The battleships were for her own defense, she said.

The mutineers at Rio de Janeiro have established a precedent. If they can strike, commit murder and gain the forgiveness of the government immediately after, their successors in the navy will consider the method a very good one for getting increases in pay. The Brazilian government will think of this and justly entertain doubts as to being able to conduct a large navy with credit and honor. A suggestion then to sell the Dreadnoughts might be entertained. After all, Japan may get the vessels.

MODEL TOWNS.

Competition and the introduction of new methods of sale are altering the real estate business for the benefit of the general public. Primarily the realty dealer's responsibility ends with the transfer of titles, but his interest need not necessarily end. The pride in what he sells bids fair to weigh constantly more heavily with him.

Mrs. Russell Sage has undertaken to build a model suburban town. It will have homes of a simple, but handsome character. All the comforts which a city can provide will be there —waterworks, a sewage system, electric lighting and paved streets and, in addition, such beauties as a community gains as a rule only after many years and many costly experiments. The model town is not to be a charity. The residents must pay for their property and privileges, though they are given a long time in which to discharge their debt. All this is but going farther than real estate sellers have gone. Mrs. Sage is but putting finishing touches upon an idea for many years in practice in the realty market.

We believe that real estate promoters will sometime carry their selling plans as far as Mrs. Sage has done. It is just as feasible for them as it is for her. The development of stock companies, the work that steam and electric railways are doing in this line and the introduction of larger capital in the trade make it quite possible today. The real estate dealer who now makes streets, lays walks, sewers and water pipes and builds houses before he makes a single sale in an allotment he is promoting has but to be a little more daring, a little more artistic, and he, too, is become the founder of a model village. It would be a wonderful appeal to pride, a source of satisfaction which would redound to his honor and that of his calling as well.

FORTIFYING THE PANAMA CANAL

Mr. Tawney, of recent political extinction, has visited Panama and is extremely opposed to the plan of fortifying the canal. He believes that the nations of the world will recognize the neutrality of the waterway and, further, that they will admit our right to use the canal for ourselves in time of war, though the enemy would be barred from its use.

Suppose we suppose a little. Should war ever come with Japan, the United States, under such an arrangement as Mr. Tawney considers possible, would be able to race its warships from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Vessels pursued by the enemy could take refuge in the canal and there feel perfectly safe since the Japanese would be morally bound to halt beyond the breakwater. The thought is preposterous. Japan could no way be bound to a course of granting special privileges to any enemy. She could not be forced to do so by other nations except by a show of hostilities and that would be a case of intervention without precedent or justice. Unfortified, the canal would be easy prey for any hostile fleet. It could be bottled up by sinking of a vessel in the channel or the explosion of a few tons of dynamite. An enemy which would not use such tactics would be the kind that wouldn't go to war in the first place.

It might be said that the United States should guarantee not to use the advantages of the canal in time of hostilities. We can imagine many of our impracticable advocates of disarmament saying exactly that thing. Can we afford to make such a tremendous sacrifice in return for the costs of fortification? Can we balance lives and homes against that expenditure and say that the lives may go and the homes be burned rather than guns be placed at the mouths of the canal?

The Tawney idea is ridiculous.

FRAUDS IN STOCKS.

In the city where a hundred thousand or so went to the polls to deliver a blow to Theodore Roosevelt "because he was hurting business" a widespread and especially vicious traffic, which existed under the name of business, has just been uncovered. Taking a cue from those corporations which marketed stock and bonds far beyond property values, a set of brokers issued securities without bothering about the preliminaries of obtaining any property at all.

It does not make any difference whether Theodore Roosevelt shall continue to be a part of the reform or not, the stock dealing business must still go through the process of housecleaning. It must be made just as much an impossibility for a company to water its stock as it is for a "get-rich-quick" firm to peddle paper which stands for no enterprise whatever. Examination should come before unsuspecting investors are swindled, not after.

The rebuke to Roosevelt for many mouths will please many of those who delivered the rebuke. We wonder, though, what the victims of that pack of New York thieves think of it—particularly those among them who voted gleefully with that aim in view?

GRAIN TRADE ON THE LAKES.

Wheat is carried from Chicago to Buffalo by lake for about one-fourth as much as was charged from 1871 to 1876. Rail rates have also decreased though not in so large a ratio. The railroad experts declare that costs of operation have been lowered about as far as they ever will be. They are now engaged in an attempt to show the Interstate Commerce Commission that they must raise prices or cease to pay reasonable returns upon their stock. The difference between the competing methods of transportation is the more striking when it is known that much more liberal concessions as to rates could be given upon the lakes and still make shipowning a fairly lucrative form of investment.

More than two-fifths of all the inland and coastwise water traffic of 1906 was upon the great lakes. In the grain shipping business 63.7 per cent was carried upon these lakes and 71.1 per cent of the flour moving by water was transported upon the lakes. From 8 to 12 per cent of the tonnage through the Sault Ste. Marie locks consists of grain and flour. But in the matter of value the grain and flour cargoes are worth from 25 to 37 per cent of all the shipments.

These facts have been taken from a recent report of the department of agriculture and serve to answer one of the great questions of this inland commerce. It has been estimated that the last shipment of iron ore will be made before 1950, the available supply of the Minnesota mines being that near to exhaustion. Many people have wondered what the water traffic would consist of, or how it might maintain its prosperity, after this enormous trade shall have disappeared. It is highly probable that grain and flour will take the place of the ore. The northwest is still in course of settlement. Dry farming is adding an immense territory to agriculture. Rail rates are rising. Water rates can be lowered without marked injury to the trade. Shipments from Lake Superior and Lake Michigan ports should naturally increase. Long before the ore carrying trade has ceased to be an important factor it may be overshadowed by the trade in foodstuffs.

WASTED FUEL.

The government geological survey set up a plant in Pittsburg a few years ago for the purpose of experimenting with coal. After running some time with a grade of slack particularly hateful with engineers, the experimenters could show that a high degree of heat could be developed from this coal and that while many manufacturing concerns about the plant were polluting the air, only a thin haze rose from the government chimney.

It has been estimated that the railroads gain but a 5 per cent return in energy from the vast quantities of coal they buy and consume. The loss is not so high elsewhere, but still it is too high. It is a thing which threatens exhaustion of the coal fields, which makes an increase in the price of fuel possible at periods too close together, which creates a nuisance and injures health. Expediency very often compels the retention of wasteful and expensive apparatus when better is to be found in the market. The initial costs of transformation are heavy. Loss of time and interruption of service are more than can be afforded. Yet public welfare is making it more and more imperative to bring pressure upon industry to correct wasteful methods which injure the public.

NEARING A CLIMAX.

The Asiatic labor question is a perpetual source of difficulty and discussion upon the Pacific coast. It appeared anew in the campaign for the recent election and undoubtedly there will be a repetition of the efforts to bar Chinese and Japanese from the rights of property owning. Two years ago the California legislature was upon the point of putting this embargo into effect. Only the appeal of Washington and countrywide protests against meddling with international affairs caused the legislature to take second thought of its determination to cure an ill which the federal government had failed to do for the state.

It is doubtful if Washington would succeed another time in blocking such legislation. California was surprised and overborne by the criticisms from other sections. The state is now in a sudden mood. It will be deaf to all influences from the outside. The bills, so the news dispatches say, will be reintroduced and probably will be passed. The Pacific coast states claim the right to say what shall constitute their citizenship. California, for one, declares that expediency as to the saving of trouble with Japan shall not prevail over the crying need of the commonwealth.

If there is to be a clash with one of the two big Asiatic nations we might as well have it now and have it over with. California, Oregon and Washington cannot be abandoned to their woes just because it is inconvenient for the rest of the country to have to deal with an international problem.

MAKING THEIR POINT.

The women suffragists in London defend their military policy by declaring that no great reform was ever made in England without violence.

Whether right or wrong, it cannot be denied that the suffragists have made advances and because they have been noisy, spectacular and—at times —muscular. The movement which to start with was very much ridiculed has gained a large following. It has acquired a sort of respect, that is, the crowds which watch the suffragists parade will no longer tolerate the throwing of ancient vegetables, the hooting and jeering. When the ladies begin to crush the hats of policemen down upon their ears the London pedestrians go wild with delight. When one chains herself to the iron fence about the house of parliament the sympathy is with the woman and not with the police and their deputized locksmiths attempting to bear her away to jail. Those who have served prison sentences for their cause have succeeded in establishing a position as martyrs. In this latest raid upon the prime minister, the suffragists have reason to feel encouraged, for, though they won nothing of the government, they drew nearer to the hearts of the populace which dearly loves that sort of entertainment and is likely to prove grateful for it at the voting booths.

Violence is a bad argument and history indicates that it has been defeated far oftener than it has won. Yet it would appear that one political movement is steadily approaching victory because rioting is its own fixed set of tactics.

A NEW AGRICULTURE.

The Dry Farming Congress Bulletin has now passed half way through its third volume. It shows that in spite of the youth of this form of agriculture very material additions have been made to the food supply of the world. The success of the western farmers has caused the making of tests in Australia and other parts of the world where the rainfall is light or irregular. The past year, The Bulletin informs us, was one of drouth, but yet a season in which most valuable lessons were learned.

While some reports indicate individual losses to many farmers the consensus of opinion is that the year has furnished a lesson never to be forgotten by farmers, in that the careful tiller of the soil who utilized dry farming methods was far more successful than his adjoining neighbors who did not take the precaution to conserve the moisture and who were not prepared for the long dry season. The experiences of a drouth year are more valuable than those of a year of abnormal rainfall, and the farmers will more generally adopt dry farming methods from now on in view of their success, both in this and other countries.

It is said that dry farming was developed from the observations of an intelligent farmer who noted that grain grew more heavily in the mule tracks of his field than elsewhere. Happily for western America this farmer had a taste for experiment. He rolled his fields after plowing, kept the moisture within the soil, and protected it from the thirsty sun. Thence developed the art of dry farming—a discovery which promises to add an area larger than the state of Texas to the grain-producing lands of the United States.

AMERICANS IN MEXICO.

The revolution in Mexico will mean a tremendous amount of trouble for Uncle Sam. He cannot stand off and enjoy the fighting as he could when others of the Latin-American countries began throwing kettles. Mexico is too near for that. There are too many Americans in the country and too much American money there to permit the uprising to be treated as a joke.

Mexico has proved an attractive field for Yankee gold for several years. An immense amount of investment has been made in mines, oil wells, railroad securities, cattle, coffee plantations, rubber and public service securities. The republic has encouraged these investments by every means in its power and when it took over the ownership of railway properties the bonds were floated in Wall street and from there distributed all over the United States. In every community on this side of the line there are probably persons who hold one or more kinds of Mexican securities. The present political upheaval had its beginning in anti-American riots. These may become intensified if the revolution still continues to spread. The prejudice against foreigners is deep. In the revolt the lives of all foreigners will be in danger.

Cases are now before the department of state dealing with attacks upon Americans in Mexico. These are bound to be multiplied shortly and be followed by claims of indemnity for the destruction of property.

ARE REBATES FAILURES?

The Railway Age Gazette, in the course of an illscented attack upon Theodore Roosevelt, waxes reminiscent of the state of the railroading industry at the time of the 1904 campaign:

The railroads were emerging. Trunk line associations, presidents' agreements, rebates and all forms of secrecy and mystery were commercial failures. No homilies were needed to show enlightened railway officers that, in the increasing intensity of the struggle for supremacy by cities and communities classed as trade centers, the control of rate making was surely passing away from the railways, and that publicity was the only available engine for determining where that control should rightly rest.

How far away the day of rebating —a commercial failure, according to the Railway Age Gazette! Realized and abandoned epochs gone! A few weeks ago a railroad company was indicted here, the grand jury being satisfied that the laws against rebating had been violated. Hearings were held shortly after in which the accusations involved a member of one of the biggest railroad systems in the world. A beneficiary of rebating practice in the south escaped punishment, not because proof was lacking of discrimination, but because the prosecution failed to show the defendant knew of the discriminating rates.

It was easier to believe in the "enlightened railway officers," two or three years ago than it is now. The course of events causes us to pause and doubt. Further, a high respect for the railway man's efficiency is dampened by the suspicion that he can swallow nonsensical statements in a periodical meant for his own eye, as to the proved "commercial failure" of rebating and "all forms of secrecy."

"What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to fill up his nostrils with snuff?" asks the Peoria Journal. Perhaps he is going around sneering at the fellows who smoke cigarettes.

A rich Kansas man married six poor women without the formality of getting divorces. It was his idea of charity, but it didn't dovetail with the court's idea of matrimony.

The population of Salt Lake City has nearly doubled in ten years. Polygamy or just a steady, substantial growth?

Harry K. Thaw has gained thirty-four pounds at Matteawan, which seems to be a good advertisement for that place.

Wherever there is a fight in a foreign country there are always a few Americans present to act as innocent bystanders.

Militant suffragettes attacked Premier Asquith with bamboo poles. This is only a step behind the more deadly umbrella.

The Chicago professor who says that the child is born an ape ought to make a hit with the childless next-door neighbors.

We would like to see Uncle Henry Gassaway Davis become United States senator just to show what an old man can do.

European critics think the boys of the American navy are in need of discipline. They ought to see 'em shoot.

We don't believe the story that the buckwheat cake is passing. We saw a flock of them the other morning.

Mr. Bryan declares that Champ Clark deserves the speakership. Certainly. He predicted the result.

Tolstoi made a great name for himself, but he couldn't prevent people from spelling it two ways.

Some housewives like goose because they can get enough out of it to grease the baby.

If rabbit hunting is to be made safe and sane some new rules will have to be adopted.

Naturally Caleb Powers has enemies who would rather see him in jail than in congress.

Backward, turn backward, O, time in your flight and give us again our old appetite.

What has become of the old-fashioned apple butter pie?

Seven Sentence Sermons.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for any one else.—Dickens.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.—Addison.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by.
—Whittier.

The wealth of man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved and blessed by.—Carlyle.

Art thou a beggar at God's door? be sure thou gettest a great bowl, for as thy bowl is so will be thy mess.—John Bunyan.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper life above.
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.
—Adelaide A. Procter.

Spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.—Emerson.

Champ Clark's Career.

College World.

Champ Clark, of Bowling Green, Mo., candidate for speaker of the house of representatives, is a graduate of Kentucky university, Bethany college and Cincinnati university law school. When only 23 years old he became president of Marshall college, W. Va., and for 22 years held the record for being the youngest college president in the United States.

His many forms of activity have embraced that of farm hand, clerk in a country store, editor of a country newspaper and lawyer. When 25 he became city attorney of Louisiana and Bowling Green, deputy prosecuting attorney and prosecuting attorney, presidential elector, delegate to the trans-Mississippi congress at Denver, permanent chairman of the national Democratic convention St. Louis, in 1904, and chairman of the committee notifying Judge Parker of his nomination. Representative Clark is married and has four fine children. He has served eight terms in congress.

Carload of Alfalfa Seed.

Cherokee Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.

What was perhaps the most valuable carload of Oklahoma products ever shipped out of the state left here for Chicago when the Cherokee alfalfa mill shipped a carload of pure alfalfa seed to an eastern market.

Mill Manager Dicks stated it required a week to buy the seed. There were more than 600 bushels and the prevailing price, ranging around $7.50 a bushel, made the car worth about $5,000. As a car of wheat is generally valued at about $1,000, it is easy to see that the most valuable Oklahoma product that could be put in one car would be alfalfa seed.

His Ashes to Be Spread in Orchard.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Frank Chambers, a pioneer farmer of this county, made a dying request that his ashes be scattered over the orchard, where he had spent so many happy years. Mr. Chambers spent the greater part of his time in his orchard, which he had succeeded in bringing to a high state of productiveness. Mrs. Harvey Sheipman, his daughter, says that his wish wil be carried out.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE MAN WHO BROKE

International Sunday School Lesson for December 4 Is "Peter's Denial," Matt. 26:31-35, 69-75.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

This is the story of a typical man —the most human of all the characters in the world's greatest portrait gallery. He was like the rest of us. In him the race strikes an average. His very blunders and stumbles endear him to mankind. Simon Peter's biography is the second most popular in the Bible.

Here we have him at his great crisis and collapse. The hero broke—but he fell as mortals fall, and we still love him. Judas had sinned as a fiend—in cold, calculating, avaricious selfishness, and no mortal is too mean to loathe him. Peter just blundered into disloyalty; and once he had been lifted out of that miry pit, he never again fell into it. The scar which his soul ever wore from that experience was a constant warning to him thereafter. He fell terribly, but he arose grandly—and that is the best thing about a man.

The Humbling of Cocksureness.

The man was son of the sea and of the soil. He had few of the parlor accomplishments. A long journey under the blazing sun and over dusty roads, or a battle with the tempestuous waves of Galilee, was all in the day's work for him. He knew how to take care of himself, and he had all of a strong man's consciousness of that fact, Peter was no weakling. The prompt initiative and resourcefulness which he was forever displaying might be misguided at times, but they were the traits of strength. That he, like most leaders of men, was given to cocksureness, is all too patent.

In that awesome hour in the upper room, where the world's Redeemer bared his breaking heart to his friends, it was Peter who was foremost in protesting against the possibility of disloyalty. Cried he, "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended. . . . Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." We commonly associate these declarations with Peter alone; the record runs, "Likewise also said all the disciples." The whole lot fell, only Peter fell the farthest.

He meant all that he said about standing fast. Only he was too sure of Peter. A measure of self-distrust sits well upon everybody. The most audacious should not fail to take counsel of prudence. Paul was quite as brave as Peter, and really more daring, but he qualified his self-confidence by "I can do all things—through Christ which strengtheneth me." No man is safe in saying that he is too strong to fall into sin. It is when a person thinks he standeth that he is to take heed lest he fall, like Peter, and the other protesting ten.

With the Wrong Crowd.

One of the laws of Solon was that, in case of civic insurrection the citizen who did not attach himself to one side or the other should be branded with infamy. There is no neutral ground in life. Jesus made the case clearer when he said: "He that is not for me is against me." Everybody should line up with his own crowd. Peter's mistake was that of associating himself with the enemies of his Master.

Perhaps because he wanted the warmth that cold December night, or perhaps because his world was tumbling about his ears and he walked in a daze, he joined the company of soldiers and retainers about the fire in the high priest's courtyard. Ah, Peter; the world has no fire that can drive the chill from the heart of a wandering Christian.

This glimpse of the courtyard group gives us, as it were, a peep at the great event from the underside. While the chief actors in the tragedy were busy elsewhere the servants and followers were exchanging gossip and experiences about the open fire. Did the men who had first laid hold on Jesus still boast about it? What was the story of the soldier who had clutched at the cloak of the fleeing young man? How did they regard the Prisoner? What was their opinion of Judas? We wish for more of the history of this evening's coarse conversation about the courtyard fire. We want a clearer picture of the faces of these rude soldiers and of the serving maids who moved to and fro in the flare of the fitful fire, perhaps bearing refreshments to the soldiers.

There sat Peter, in what misery we can scorcely understand, until his feelings were turned to acute terror by the word of a sharp-eyed maid (we wonder on what occasion she had seen Jesus with His band?)—"Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee." With a loud denial and protestation that he could not even understand the meaning of the charge, Peter moved out into the porch. There another maid saw him—little escapes the eye of a woman—and this time bewildered and terror-smitten Peter declared with an oath that he knew not Jesus. The crowd, glad of the diversion, took up the charge, and poor Peter took refuge in an oriental practice and fell to cursing and swearing that he knew not the man.

Afterward.

Then the cock crew. That is the clock by which the Syrian villager still measures the approach of dawn and arises as is his wont, before day to begin his round of duties. This little is true to life, as all who, like myself, have been wakened in village khans by the same sound well know.

To Peter the crowing of the cock brought remembrance. Of a sudden he recalled all. The portentous words of the Master came flooding over him, "Before the cock crow thou shall deny me thrice." He had gone squarely back on his Lord, and on his own word. He had broken faith, he had lied, he had cursed, like the old unregenerate Peter over a refractory net. He had brought disgrace upon the Name. One form of disloyalty had involved another, like links in sin's accursed chain. Like an eagle smitten in its flight, Peter plunged to earth like a lump of clay.

The other day a young man, overtaken in a fault, committed suicide. The shame of the realization of his ignominy overwhelmed him. The bitterness of the remorse of a fine nature only the Peters know. "And he went out, and wept bitterly"—how those words burn in letters of fire, before the eyes of countless readers. The agony of self-accusation! The fall and bitterness of self-contempt. In the Oberammergau Passion Play the soliloquy of Judas in his remorse is one of the great scenes; but the torture of Judas was nothing to the torments which Peter underwent. For he was Peter caught unawares in temptation; and Judas was Judas, scared by black treason.

The Saviour looked on Peter, aye, no word,
No gesture of reproach! The heavens serene,
Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean
Their thunders that way! The forsaken Lord
Looked only on the traitor. None record
What that look was; none guess; for those who have seen
Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang keen,
Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to sword,
Have missed Jehovah at the judgment call;
And Peter from the height of blasphemy—
"I never knew this man"—did quail and fall
As knowing straight that God, and turned free
And went out speechless from the face of all,
And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.
—Mrs. Browning.

An Old Man's Victory.

The world little suspects the temptations which come to the good men whom it reverences. Only they and God realize how the old nature comes sweeping over them like a wave; or creeping up upon them stealthily, like a tide. Peter's experience was that, for the moment; the 33 years or more of Simon overcame the three years of Peter. His former self caught his Christ-self unwatching. All that Jesus had made of him had been made of the old stuff.

"Oh, not in strange, portentous way
Christ's miracles were wrought of old;
The common thing, the common clay,
He touched and tinctured, and straightway
It grew to glory manifold."

The glory and greatness of the Peter story is that it shows how the man who is fallen may be lifted up, forgiven—such is the great mercy of God—and made a power for the kingdom of Christ. The incident shows Simon still in the making. Even his fall was used to help him in his subsequent ministry. Out of that bitter experience emerged the fearless apostle, who, with new patience and humility, proved faithful unto death. The great disloyalty was succeeded by a great fidelity;

I Saw From the Beach.

I saw from the beach when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on.
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

Ah, such is the fate or our life's early promise,
So passing the springtide of joy we have known!
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone.

Never tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm of our night.
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning!
Here louds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame! —Thomas Moore.

The Greatest Food Crop

CHINA has 400,000,000 inhabitants, mated, no census being available as nearly as they can be estible, and India has 300,000,000 beyond doubt. Both countries grow and use immense quantities of rice. Yet the rice crop of India is not the largest food crop in any country. Neither is the rice crop of China, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge. Accurate information is lacking because the Chinese government collects no statistics on such subjects.

The biggest food crop grown in any country, any year, has been produced this year in the United States. It is the record crop of corn, which is likewise the record food crop of the world for any one country.

It may be objected that only a comparatively small part of the corn crop is human food, whereas nearly all of the immense rye crop of Russia, the enormous potato crop of Germany and the rice crops of China and India are for human consumption. That is no valid reason for refusing to admit corn into full competition with other crops more obviously for human food.

The great bulk of the corn crop feeds animals that in turn feed man. It is eaten in the form of bacon and ham and lard, in beef and poultry and eggs. It is consumed in grape sugar and much of it goes to satisfy the craving for alcoholic liquors.

In fact the corn crop might well be credited with a vast amount of fodder for cattle and sheep, which makes human food in the end, in mutton and milk, butter and cheese.

By any fair test the American corn crop is the greatest food crop grown anywhere, and this year's record yield has broken the world's record for food produced in any county in a single year. It is worth while to look a little more closely into such a crop, instead of passing it by in the almost incomprehensible form of 3,121,381,100 bushels, as stated by the official report of the agricultural department.

The American crop means almost exactly two bushels of corn for every man, woman and child in the world. Two bushels of corn weigh about as much as the average human body, taking the big and little, the young and the old together. Therefore the bumper corn crop of the country, which is the record crop of the world, weighs just about as much as all the billion and a half human beings on the globe.

An average American freight car will hold about 1,000 bushels of corn. Many of the new cars will carry more, but there are numerous old cars which contain less. At 40 cars to the train, the corn crop of the year would fill 70,000 freight trains, in round figures.

The 37,288,000 tons that the corn crop weighs would load 8,738 lake steamships carrying 10,000 tons apiece. It would require more than 20,000 vessels of the average capacity of all the ships on the lakes to move the corn crop in one trip.

That is equivalent to saying that if all the corn were shipped down the lakes and all the lake vessels did nothing else until they had carried the corn, all the lake tonnage would be kept busy through the entire season of navigation. The corn crop weighs a little more than twice as much as the iron ore transported this year in lake vessels.

Put in a vast bin one mile square, the corn grown this year in the United States would fill it about 150 feet deep. Piled up in cone-shape, the crop would be a real mountain of grain.

The world cannot match such a crop. A good deal of corn is grown now in the Danube valley and in southern Russia. It is an important product in Italy, and it is grown to some extent in Spain. There is a good deal of corn in Australia and it is a standard crop in some localities in Africa. The grain which America gave to the world is used and valued far and wide.

But this country is still its chief home. Here it is grown in much greater quantities than anywhere else. All the world, outside of the United States, could not match the prodigious American corn crop of the present year.

Elephant Who Saved 1,000 Lives.

Allahabad Pioneer.

As there were many wild bazaar rumors afloat about the disaster at the bathing festivities at Sorong in the Agra Division, I have interviewed the proper authorities and obtained the following particulars:

Thousands of pilgrims had camped on a strip of land which had never before been flooded within memory of the oldest residents. On Sunday night there was a sudden rise in the tide of the Ganges, and the pilgrims were stranded on the spot where they were encamped, which has now become an island surrounded by deep water. The pilgrims who had the presence of mind to link arms and stand up, though immersed chest deep in water, were saved, but those who ran panic-stricken to regain terra firma, fell into the deepest stream and were lost.

Rescue parties, headed by the deputy collector of the locality and the police, arrived on the scene as soon as possible, and with the aid of boats and an elephant rescued the stranded pilgrims.

An account given of the work done by an elephant named Jung Bahadur is most interesting. Jung Bahadur belongs to a rais named Koer Jaswant Singh, who was on a visit to the fair, and his presence was providential. With ropes attached to his trappings, the elephant repeatedly swam out to the distressed pilgrims, who would cling onto the ropes and be larded in safe places. It is estimated that this noble animal saved at least one thousand lives.

The number drowned is put down at about 200, or even less, but as the pilgrims had thronged from all parts of India it is impossible to say how many were really drowned. The collector of Etah and his officers did all they possibly could to help the pilgrims in their misfortune.

Hedgehog's Immunity to Poison

London Globe.

The curious immunity of the hedgehog to snake poison has often been the subject of scientific investigation. And some recent experiments show that it is also comparatively immune to the toxins of diphtheria and tetanus. The question therefore arises, does the hedgehog possess separate antitoxins for all these various poisons? Such a number of separate antitoxins existing at the same time in the blood of one animal seems highly improbable.

That they should beformed to order on the advent of the corresponding toxin is still more unlikely. A more probable suggestion is the existence in the blood of the hedgehog of one powerful antitoxin which is able to neutralize a number of different poisons. The hedgehog is apparently more resistant than most animals to cyanic poisons, but not to

Varieties

New York's new aqueduct will co $162,000,000.

Damascus has the honor of being th oldest city.

The kaiser is master of five languag besides his own.

Traffic on the Rhine continues to in crease substantially.

Amber may be black, white, brown an green as well as yellow.

The Eskimos will not allow their wom to use tobacco in any form.

Sixty-four out of every one million pe sons the world over are blind.

There is one clergyman to every tw thousand persons in London.

A school for chefs is the latest scheme of the London county council.

A French engineer has designed a lo automobile for the use of invalids.

In one day recently 7,000 persons arrive in New York from Europe.

London has a large factory devoted ex clusively to making dolls' clothing.

Nearly all the telephone companies this country lost money at the start.

White celluloid collars, shirt fronts an cuffs sell well in Manchester, England.

The number of railroad employes this country has increased 67 per cent ten years.

To date more than eight hundred prac tical aeroplanes have been built France.

The green moray of the Bedmud waters is said to be the most savage all fishes.

The percentage of infant mortality New York city was greater last year tha ever before.

Analysts say that butter is the mo nutritious article of diet, and that baco comes next.

A goat eats only one-eighth as much a cow, but gives more than that propo tion of milk.

An electric railroad tunnel under th sea to connect Sweden and Denmark ha been proposed.

The exertion of riding 50 miles on good bicycle is about equal to that of 15-mile walk.

To read the Bible through at the ra of a chapter a day would take thre years and three months.

Starch will remove iodine stains fro flesh, and if used soon enough will preve the liquid blistering.

In a Hong-Kong cigar factory learner get only 4 cents a day, which is gradual increased to 22 cents.

At present the 2,500,000 population Manhattan is increased to three milli during business hours.

New rope may be made pliable witho impairing its strength by boiling it fo an hour or two in water.

So radioactive is the water supplied th city of Belgrade that scientists a searching its source for radium.

Since its opening in 1869 the Suez can has been completely changed so far a its dimensions are concerned.

The ventilating apparatus alone on th steamer George Washington requires a energy of 150-horsepower.

From 1910 to 2000, inclusive, Easter wi fall 20 times within March and 71 time in April.

Last year there were in the Unite States 38,812 miles of electric street, el vated and interurban railway.

The gross value of crops produced o the lands irrigated by the governme projects in 1910 was $14,038,000.

The use of electricity for light an power in the United States has mor than doubled in the last eight years.

The Mexican government has estab lished a smokeless powder factory with capacity of 110,000 pounds a year.

It is officially stated that the 50,0 British soldiers in India consume abou half of the beer imported.

The heaviest rudder ever known, 100-ton affair, has been built for the ne trans-Atlantic liner Olympia.

More coal is mined a person employe in the United States than in any oth nation, with Australia ranking next.

Eighty-five years old, Fred Moor celebrating his 75 years' singing in th choir of St. Mary's, Stafford.

Some one has measured the thickne of the film of a soapbubble and repor that it is the 2,500,000th part of an inch.

The inventor of the papier-mache ma rix process of stereotyping, Willard S Whitmore, died recently in Washingto

A recent investigation revealed the fac that there are about 3,000 storage ba tery automobiles in Chicago.

A zigzag arrow has been adopted i Germany as a danger sign to be di played on high tension electrical appa ratus.

The largest aqueduct in use is the Cro ton, 38 miles long; but the largest ev built is in Peru, 280 miles long.

In five years the government has un dertaken 26 reclamation projects repre senting an expenditure of $60,000,000.

A plant for manufacturing commercia motor cars, which will employ 4,000 me is contemplated in Michigan.

Diamonds and laces run a close rac with tobacco and liquors in popular fa vor as measured by the value of the imports.

The telegraph companies of this coun try employ about 30,000 persons. This does not include the railroad service.

The Ottoman war office has abolishe the red fez, hitherto worn by officers an privates alike, because of its conspicu ousness.

Hardly a

DEFORMITIES CURED!

CROOKED OR CLUB FEET of any variety, and at any reasonable age, can be made straight, natural and useful. No plaster paris, no severe surgical operations, and the result is guaranteed.

POTTS DISEASE when treated in time will result in no deformity; paralysis can be prevented and the growth not interfered with. Write for information and references.

SPINAL CURVATURE Recent cases make complete recoveries and even those of long standing do well. No plaster paris, felt or leather jackets. Write for information and references.

HIP DISEASE in the painful stage can be relieved and the inflammation permanently arrested. Shortening, deformity and loss of motion can equally be corrected. No surgical operations or confinement. Let us tell you about it.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS We can refer you to many responsible people all over the country, whose children, practically helpless from Infantile Paralysis, were restored at this Sanitarium.

DEFORMED KNEES OR JOINTS yield to our methods of treatment, and if interested you should know about it.

This is the only thoroughly equipped Sanitarium in the country devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and paralyzed conditions.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE Write us for illustrated book which will be sent free on request to any address.

L. C. McLAIN SANITARIUM

925 Aubert Avenue ST. LOUIS, MO.

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach and Liver Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with GALL STONES, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two** before you will feel its great benefits—**only one dose is usually required.** I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely **FREE** so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from GALL STONES. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach trouble and GALL STONES should not hesitate a moment, but send for this **FREE** treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
40 Dearborn St., Chicago.

References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

Sign and Mail This Coupon

GEO. H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
40 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....
Write Plainly.

Express Office..... 14

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to benefit.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by the Pure Food and Drug Act Serial No. 25793

Murder!

One gets it by highway men—Tens of thousands by *Bad Bowels*—No difference. **Constipation and *dead* liver make the whole system sick—Everybody knows it—*CASCARETS* regulate—*cure* Bowel and Liver troubles by simply doing nature's work until you get well—Millions use *CASCARETS*, Life Saver!** 883

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Get My Home Medical Book FREE

Entitled "The Way to Health." It describes your disease fully and tells you how to treat yourself at home. You can not buy this book in any store.

I WILL MAIL IT TO YOU POSTAGE PAID, FREE.

Write me now and I will mail you a FREE TREATMENT, if you will tell me about your disease.

My treatment is pure. My methods the most modern. My success has been wonderful, and your case will receive prompt attention. Your letters will be absolutely confidential. Address Dr. E. L. Titus, 330 Van Vorhis Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

FREE Fortune can be told from childhood up, past, present, future; cause of failure and key to success can be given. Three 2c stamps and birthdate gets free reading. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 E. Second st., Kewanee, Ills.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. WRITE FOR BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 162 STATE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions *FREE.* Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICH.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of hundreds of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed sealed Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY Book of descriptions and photos mailed sealed. FREE. THE EXCHANGE, box 829 R. O., Kansas City, Mo.

NECESSITIES FOR WOMEN Send 2c stamp for illustrated catalog of rubber goods, toilet necessities, drugs, druggists' sundries, etc. Desk 2, Adv. M. O. House, 56 Fifth ave., Chicago.

WOMAN—"Listen," the secret toilet formula you want; safe, harmless; sent sealed 20c silver. Desk H, Lock Box 1, Greenfield, Ind.

Ladies when delayed or irregular use Triumph Pill, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ladies, make supporters, $12 per 100; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. W-119, Chicago

AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, single and at home, wishes to correspond with a highly respectable young widow or bachelor girl. Address, Box 601, Blackwell, Okla.

MARRIED AFTER 23 YEARS

After Courting Nearly Quarter of Century, Couple Weds.

Torrington, Conn., Nov. 26.—After a courtship lasting 23 years, Miss Anna Louise Searby and Edward Charles Dolet, both of Winsted, were married here today at the home of John Lawson, by the Rev. J. Chauncey Linsley, rector of Trinity Episcopal church.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the discovery of a positive cure for Asthma, known to the medical profession as "Himalya." The cures wrought by it in the worst cases, are really marvelous. Sufferers of twenty to fifty years' standing have been at once restored to health by the use of Himalya. Among others, many Ministers of the Gospel testify to its wonderful powers. Himalya can be purchased from all druggists—if not in stock, it can be had through their jobber or wholesaler. To prove to you beyond doubt its wonderful curative power, The Himalya Co., 319 Howard street, Detroit, Mich., will send a trial bottle free by mail to every reader of Weekly Blade who suffers from any form of Asthma. This is very fair, and we advise all sufferers to accept of this free offer. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

PACKERS KNOW MORGAN

Financier's Name Again Appears in Rate Hearing.

Washington, Nov. 25.—The J. P. Morgan company was brought into the railroad rate hearing again today. Henry C. Barlow, a director of the Chicago association of commerce, said that he understood that Mr. Perkins of that firm had agreed with the packers on a freight advance of only one-half of what had been proposed.

Expert freight tariff testimony featured today's sessions of the interstate commerce commission, which is investigating the proposed advances.

Several of the witnesses told in detail of the effect of these scheduled increases by the eastrn trunk lins, dwelling on the discriminatory phase of the railroads' plan to meet the alleged need of more freight revenue.

Mr. Barlow, for 20 years experienced in railroad business, testified that the class rates between New York and Chicago were unjust and therefore unreasonable and the proposed advances were not fairly distributed. He said that the railroads seemed to have selected such commodities as they wished and had left other tariffs unchanged and had made some reductions.

HILL SEES LAST OF PARTIES

Railroad Veteran Says Last Election Taught a Big Lesson.

Washington, Nov. 25.—James J. Hill talked with President Taft today. He recently has been reported as gloomy over the business prospect, but would not discuss the subject today. He did have something to say, however, on politics.

"The last election has taught the politicians and the country something valuable," he declared. "That is that party lines no longer exist to an important extent and that men are thinking along independent lines, voting and acting along these lines. The demagogue and the agitator have held sway so long it is really a relief to see the flag of warning that has been hoisted for their benefit. Independence of political thoughts extends to laboring men and all other classes. I am told, too, that the negro voters of the country exercised unusual independence in the last elections, thousands of them voting the Democratic ticket for the first time. It is highly probable that in a few years there will be little in the way of party lines in the United States."

TOWN WILL BURN POORHOUSE

Decide to Provide People With $5,000 Bonfire Christmas.

New York, Nov. 25.—Citizens of Mount Clair, N. J., will be entertained some time in the Christmas holidays by a $5,000 bonfire, the material for which will be provided by the town poorhouse and its contents.

The poorhouse, which stands on a knoll in the southern part of the town, will be transferred to the Orange poorhouse. The building is on a park tract, which the Essex county park commission desires to improve, and the commission recently requested the town to remove it. The town authorities, however, have decided the best method of disposal is incineration. The Mount Clair fire department will have lines of hose stretched to prevent possible spread of the flames.

TAKES MONSTER DEATH DOSE

Elephant Needs 500 Grains of Cyanide of Potassium.

New York, Nov. 26.—It took 500 grains of cyanide of potassium, a deadly poison, to kill the Gypsy Queen, a trick elephant, yesterday afternoon, in execution of the death sentence passed on her for the murder of her keeper, Robert Schiel, on October 20th, last.

Less than one grain is ordinarily fatal to men and the first convulsive symptoms supervene almost before the victim can set down the glass from which he swallowed. But the Queen swayed backward and forward, flapping her big ears, for ten minutes, before she showed the least uneasiness, and it was 44 minutes before she was pronounced dead.

WOMEN GET HARD SENTENCE

Suffragettes Go to Workhouse for Two Months.

London, Nov. 25.—Twenty suffragettes who were arrested during the night for smashing windows in the government offices were sentenced in the Dow street police court today to two months each at hard labor.

In pronouncing sentence Sir Albert De Rutzen, chief magistrate of the Metropolitan police courts, said:

"You disorderly women have been treated with too much leniency in the past."

OWN LICENSE TO WED PUZZLES

North Dakota Judge Fears His Signature May Be Invalid.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 26.—Questioning the validity of his own signature to his own marriage license, Judge William D. Lynch, of Lamoure, N. D., and his bride-to-be, came here today to obtain a license to wed.

Under the North Dakota law, marriage licenses are issued by the judge of the county court. When the time came for his own wedding Judge Lynch wondered whether he had the power to issue his own license, and he decided to take no risks.

FINDS 27,809,835 IN CITIES

Census Bureau Reports on All Except Five Towns Over 25,000.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 26.—With only Portland, Ore., Seattle and Spokane, Wash., Duluth, Minn., and Superior, Wis., missing, the cities of the United States of 25,000 and over have an aggregate population of 27,809,835. This announcement is made in a recapitulation bulletin issued yesterday by the census bureau.

Forty-seven of the cities contain more than 100,000, and of this number, 11 have risen into the 100,000 class since the census of 1900.

There has been a much larger growth in the cities below 100,000 than in those above, the percentage for the former being 29.4, as against 31.8 for the latter.

Portland and Seattle will be added to the class of larger cities. In 1900 Portland had 90,426 and Seattle 80,671, so that there will be at least 49 cities in the country containing more than 10,000 each.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 429 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book, which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Take One Pain Pill then—Take it Easy

To get the best of Backache Get a Box of

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills

Otherwise Backache May get the best of you

Nothing disturbs the human system more than pain whether it be in the form of headache, backache, neuralgia, stomachache or the pains peculiar to women. Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are a standard remedy for pain, and are praised by a great army of men and women who have used them for years.

"A friend was down with LaGrippe and nearly crazed with awful backache. I gave her one Anti-Pain Pill and left another for her to take. They helped her right away, and she says she will never be without them again."
MRS. G. H. WEBB, Austinburg, O.

At all druggists—25 doses 25 cents.
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

CAT HAUNTS ALARM CLOCK

Man Finds He Can't Do a Thing With It.

Montclair, N. J., Nov. 25.—Frederick G. Johnson, who lives at 9 Oxford street, in this town, thinks that the ghost of a pet cat which he owned haunts his alarm clock. Up to a few weeks ago the clock behaved as well as any good domesticated alarm clock should. On November 13, the alarm clack, which had been set inadvertently for the noon hour, went off. The Johnson cat was dozing near where the clock stood and the noise awakened her. She dashed about in a frenzy. The kitchen door was open and through it the cat ran. That evening Johnson found the cat dead in the yard back of his home.

The next night the alarm clock began its strange antics. The time piece switched suddenly into the Ananias circuit. The hands would suddenly jump forward for several swings about the face and the alarm would go off at all hours without any apparent cause. Johnson says he does not not remember having wound the clock before these untimely capers.

The climax came last night. Johnson was sound asleep. He had left the clock on a chiffonier in his room. About 2 o'clock he was awakened by something striking him in the chest. When he got his bearings he found it was the alarm clock. The thing was ripping out alarms. Johnson says that when he went to sleep the clock was at least four feet from the bed.

CAUSED FLYER'S FATAL FALL

Bit of Broken Wood Found by Boy Makes Mystery of Mishap Clear.

Denver, Nov. 25.—While aviators here have been endeavoring to find what caused Johnstone's fatal fall last Friday and aviators elsewhere have been theorizing over it, a Denver boy carried the secret and only revealed it today.

He is Earl Woods and was directly under Johnstone a few minutes before the birdman started on his spiral descent to death. A piece of painted wood fell near the boy. He picked it up and decided it was from the biplane. It had been split and glued. One end bore the marks of an iron ring which had been held in place by two nails.

When Hoxsey saw it today he said it was from Johnstone's machine and had been split on Thursday, when Johnstone's machine got out of order. In repairing it the glueing was badly done and the holes for the two nails which held the iron ring on had been punched or bored with something larger than the nails. While Johnstone was 800 feet up the nails worked out, the ring slipped off and the fragment of wood fell, mute evidence that bungling work in repairing the biplane cost the life of Johnstone.

SWORDFISH SCUTTLES DORY

Resisting Capture, It Nearly Drowns Two Pursuers.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 26.—John Henry, of the fishing schooner Alice Palmer, tells of a fight for life he and his dory mate, Adam Walters, had with a swordfish off the Georges banks last Friday. The fish was sighted in the afternoon, and in a short time two harpoons were sticking into his back and he was racing away with the harpoon buoys. Henry and Walters manned a dory and started after the buoys.

Infuriated by the pain of the iron barbs, the fish turned on the dory. It drove its powerful sword through one end of the craft and then the other, while the two men leaped back and forth to escape the driving blows. The dory began to fill as the repeated attacks of the fish opened up holes, and it looked as though the fishermen would be left entirely at the mercy of the fish in the water. But a second dory from the schooner swept up and with harpoons settled the fate of the fish and rescued the two in the sinking dory.

MOTHER OF KIPLING IS DEAD

Was Daughter of Wesleyan Minister and Married in 1865.

London, Nov. 26.—Mrs. John Lockwood Kipling, mother of Rudyard Kipling, is dead.

She was Miss Alice McDonald, daughter of the late Rev. George B. MacDonald, a Wesleyan minister. Her sisters married Sir Philip Burne-Jones and Sir E. J. Poynter. She was married in 1865. Her husband is living at Tisbury, Salisbury. He lived for many years in India, where he went soon after his marriage.

He was architectural sculptor in the Bombay School of Arts and was curator of the central museum at Lahore. They had two children, Rudyard and a daughter.

PRAISED FOR FIST FIGHTING

Men Are Called Southern Gentlemen by Judge.

Memphis, Nov. 25.—Complimenting them from the bench on using their fists instead of pistols or knives, Judge Kelly in police court yesterday discharged Dr. J. C. Clark and W. T. Dempster, charged with assault and battery.

The men, both of whom were referred to by Judge Kelly as "Southern gentlemen," met on the street and agreed to settle their differences in Queensberry fashion. More murders occurred in this country last year than in England, it is said, and Judge Kelly has placed himself on record as attempting to "break up the custom" by encouraging fist fights in settling quarrels.

STUDENTS HONOR CARNEGIE

Pittsburg, Nov. 25.—To show their appreciation of the recent gift of $1,500,000 to the Carnegie technical schools and an endowment of $2,000,000 by Andrew Carnegie, students of the institution have purchased an immense solid silver tray, which they will send to his home in New York, where it will be presented to him on his 75th birthday anniversary Friday. The tray is appropriated engraved.

HIT SUFFRAGISTS HARD

Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Dumoulin Speak.

Baltimore, Nov. 26.—"Avoid following those who desire woman suffrage," was the advice given to young women yesterday by Cardinal Gibbons in an address made to the students of St. Catherine's Normal Institute, in connection with the celebration of the feast of St. Catherine.

"Do not follow in the steps of those," advised the cardinal, "who have become mannish in their ways and who fight for a place in politics.

"The place for the woman is in the home, and I trust you will strive to do your best now. By doing so each of you will bring joy to your relatives and friends and in the future to the young man whom you may call your husband."

Fire Hose As a Remedy.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 26.—Right Rev. J. D. Dumoulin, lord bishop of Niagara, in the course of an address delivered before the members of the Empire club yesterday, a majority of whom are women, made a sensational attack upon suffragettes in general and the English in particular, characterizing their behavior as "a disgrace to the nation and to the character of women."

He did not believe in shutting them up in jail, he said.

"In the hands of every policeman should be placed a fire hose nozzle for riot use; then, if water failed to stop them, about 50 bags of rats should be taken from the drains of London—the rest would be easy.

"If the evil day should ever come when petticoat government should be established in England—and everybody knows what petticoat government means to them—and if those vixens sat in the house of commons, debates, which now last until 2 and 3 a. m., would be prolonged until 2 p. m., next day."

Bishop Doumoulin is one of the oldest and most influential Episcopal bishops in Canada, and his opinion so frankly expressed has thrown the Empire club into a state of consternation.

WON'T DEFY CHURCH TO WED

John Rigney, Actor, Jilts Eugenie Blair—Dispensation Denied.

Pittsburg, Nov. 28.—Almost at the church door, John Rigney refused to marry Eugenie Blair on Thanksgiving day, because she had been divorced and he could not secure a dispensation from his church legalizing the ceremony, according to reports.

Both parties to the peculiar tangle are actors of prominence in the United States. Rigney is playing in the "Light Eternal" and Miss Blair is the leading woman in the religious play. Rigney told his friends that he would not defy the laws of his church by marrying a divorcee, although he was deeply in love with Miss Blair.

Rigney is a member of the Catholic church and until the time came for the ceremony to be performed, he thought it was possible for him to secure a dispensation and marry Miss Blair, although strong sermons have been preached recently by Catholic pastors on the divorce evil.

Rigney is a big, handsome man, about 29 years old, and Miss Blair is about 40 years old.

PATIENT WAS BELLE ELMORE

Letter From Ethel Leneve Reveals Philadelphia Operation.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28.—After months of careful search it has been established beyond all possible doubt that an operation was performed here upon Belle Elmore, wife of Dr. Crippen, who was executed in London last week for her murder.

The operation was performed at the Pennsylvania hospital here 16 years ago, and probably left the abdominal scar by which the body of Belle Elmore was identified after it had been discovered beneath the Crippen home.

The operation was of an illegal nature under ordinary circumstances, but was considered necesary to save her life. The first clew as to the identity of Belle Elmore was discovered through a letter from Ethel Le Neve to the hospital authorities. In this letter the assumed name taken by Belle Elmore upon entering the hospital was revealed.

During the trial of Dr. Crippen the defense alleged that as no operation had been performed upon Belle Elmore the body could not have been that of the accused man's wife.

DONS LOVED UNIFORM TO DIE

Veteran, Succumbing to Old Wound, Has Wish Gratified.

Beverly, N. J., Nov. 25.—John White, 69 years old, member of the Twenty-third New Jersey Volunteers, died last night, after a long illness, caused by a wound received in battle, and which began to trouble him five years ago. White was a sturdy old soldier, and served in many of the principal battles of the war.

Knowing that his end was near, White asked his family to help dress him in his old, tattered uniform, in which he had expressed a wish to die. His wish was granted and in less than five minutes after he was dressed he died.

ANDREW CARNEGIE IS 73

New York, Nov. 25.—In as rugged health as if he had passed all his years breathing the bracing mountain air of his native Scotland, Andrew Carnegie, the world-famous capitalist and philanthropist, quietly observed his 73d birthday anniversary today. A week ago Mr. Carnegie announced the gift of an additional $2,500,000 to the Carnegie technical institute in Pittsburg. According to the best figures obtainable the total benefactions of the great ironmaster to date amounts to nearly $17,000,000.

ROMP AT DAWN FOR HEALTH

St. Louis Business Men Take Drugless Treatment.

St. Louis, Nov. 25.—Bolyish, rompgames at dawn in Forest park is the drugless prescription a class of business and professional men take daily under the direction of Dr. C. A. Newcomb, former football player and for eight years a dispensary physician.

Assembling at break of day, they drink heartily of spring water before sprinting up the hill. On the hill the class throws the medicine ball around for 15 minutes, then, led by the athletic doctor, the members run a mile and a half to the rest cottage for a breathing spell. Even during the rest the members are not free to do just as they please, but are rigidly required to breathe in a certain way, a certain number of inhalations to the minute.

HE SPEAKS 12 LANGUAGES

New York, Nov. 25.—When the case of Denis Gleason, a special policeman, who was charged with assaulting George Hauser in a Russian dance hall at 1341 Avenue A, was called in the Yorkville court, today, the examination was halted because the regular court interpreter could not interpret the Russian language of the complainant.

After commenting on the appointment of interpreters Magistrate Crouse was about to adjourn the case when Policeman Sigmund Lipscher, who has just been detailed to Commissioner Flynn's detective staff, stepped to the bench and volunteered to act as interpreter.

Lipscher, who speaks 12 languages, interpreted for the complainant, and the prisoner was held in $500 bail for trial.

I'M SO HAPPY—I'LL NEVER GET APPENDICITIS

I Can Eat All I Want to Now. I'm Safe Because I've Read the ADLER-I-KA BOOK.

No more wind on the stomach, sour stomach or constipation. No more nausea and heavy feeling after eating. No more being afraid of getting the treacherous Appendicitis. The ADLER-I-KA BOOK shows what to do—all as simple as A, B, C, and absolutely sure.

Think what a blessing to get INSTANT relief from all your bowel and stomach trouble. To be positively safe from Appendicitis, so you can eat anything you want and as much as you want without ever giving Appendicitis a thought.

Write your name below, enclose a 2c stamp, and you will get the famous ADLER-I-KA BOOK entirely free. It's different from any book you ever saw; it tells what only few doctors know; it will surprise and astonish you. It shows many curious pictures and tells how you can INSTANTLY relieve bowel or stomach trouble, how Appendicitis is caused, how it can be cured without operation and HOW YOU CAN EASILY PREVENT IT. You wouldn't take $10.00 for what you will learn from this book, yet it's free for a 2c stamp. Address: Adlerika Co., Dept. 21, St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Address.....

GIRL STRIKER IS SHOT

Another in Chicago Labor War Knocked Down.

Chicago, Nov. 28.—Italians whom the police said were striking garment workers engaged in two riots at Wentworth and Alexander streets today. Emma Ginto, a laundry worker, was made unconscious by a blow on the head from a baseball bat. Joseph Benballa was clubbed senseless by the police after he had thrown a stone and slightly injured a police sergeant. Five women and four men were arrested.

For a time Alexander street near Wentworth avenue were blocked with struggling, screaming men, women and children. Police with clubs charged the crowd but had hardly returned to their station when a second riot had to be suppressed.

Shoots Off Girl's Finger.

A short time afterward Walter Miller, 12 years old, fired upon a crowd of strikers that had stormed the Miller home. He shot off one of Miss Frances Vesely's fingers.

Miller's sister, Viola, and several other garment workers had sought in the Miller house refuge from a crowd which was angered because Viola and her companions had not remained on strike. The mob of nearly 500 fell back from the boy's shots, leaving Miss Veseley, who had fainted. The police took her home.

TURKEY FOR A CANINE HERO

Bulldog Saves Six From Fire and Gets Reward.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 25.—Buster, a bulldog, had a whole roasted turkey for Thanksgiving, presented by six men it saved from death in a fire.

The rescued men, six Greeks, slept in two connecting rooms. The occupants of one room were awakened yesterday morning by the dog, which pushed the door open, pulled off the bed clothes, and barked until it aroused them.

The rooms were filled with smoke from a fire smoldering in a corner. Two of the six were carried out unconscious, but soon revived. Then all chipped in and bought the turkey for Buster.

PASTOR DANCES JIG IN PULPIT

Sings and Jigs to Tune of "Good Old Summer Time."

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 23.—The Rev. George R. Flinn, pastor of the Protestant Episcopal church here, Monday night did a song and dance in his pulpit for the edification of the congregation. To the tune of In the Good Old Summer Time the minister danced and sang to demonstrate to the congregation that they should pay attention to their physical as well as their spiritual welfare. At first the congregation declared the demonstration a little too realistic, but now the minister appears to have many supporters.

BESTOWED WEALTH IN SECRET

Inman Reveals Only After Death He Gave Away $1,000,000.

Atlanta, Nov. 23.—After disposing of more than $1,000,000 in secret charitable and philanthropic enterprises, Hugh Inman, who died in New York last week, left an estate valued at $5,000,000 to his widow and three children.

In his lifetime he gave away more than $2,000,000, a large part of this going to his son-in-law, John Grant. His will, probated yesterday, gave $35,000 to Atlanta for the charities department, $10,000 for the First Presbyterian church, $10,000 for the Grady hospital, $2,500 to a servant who had been in the family 30 years, and directed executors to pay off a mortgage on the home of another servant.

HOODOO ENGINE STANDS IDLE

Pennsylvania Engineers Refuse to Take It Out.

Columbus, O., Nov. 23.—A brand new Pennsylvania engine stands idle in the yards here because the engineers, believing it is hoodooed, refuse to take it out.

It is no 38 and is one of five purchased at one time by the railroad company. All the other four have met with accidents. They are Nos. 34, 35, 36 and 37, and their accidents happened in the order of their numberings.

It is said that nearly a half a dozen men were killed in the mishaps to the other machines.

AGED 93, GETS $1,000, WORKS

Farm Hand Not to Retire With Bequest From Employer.

Florence, N. J., Nov. 23.—Samuel Schuyler, 93 years old, who had been employed by the late Schuyler Rainear for a half-century, and was bequeathed $1,000 in the will, refuses to listen to the solicitations of friends to give up work and go to a home for the aged. The old man is employed on a farm and says h will continue to work until he dies, for he considers it a disgrace not to work when able. His present employer speaks highly of him as a workingman.

WIDOWS "FEED THE BRUTES"

Georgetown, Del., Nov. 25.—John H. Day, aged 61, a wealthy farmer near Hebron, Del., yesterday married Mrs. Ella L. Basham, aged 50, a widow. She was his housekeeper and canned peaches and other fruits so successfully that she won his heart.

Recently when Zachariah McDowell, a farmer near here, married Mrs. Sarah E. Roach, a widow, because she pleased him with chicken potpie and pumpkin

TO PROTEST DREXEL'S RECORD

Wright's Say Altitude Flight Not Official.

San Francisco, Nov. 25.—Thomas H. Jackson, one of the representatives of the Wright brothers on the Pacific coast, said last night that the Wrights would protest to the Aero Club of America against the acceptance of the flight by J. Armstrong Drexel, in Philadelphia, as the world's record altitude flight.

"While not questioning Mr. Drexel's veracity in the matter," said Mr. Jackson, "the fact remains that he did not comply with the conditions required for record fights, and I do not think that his figures will be accepted by the Aero Club of America as official.

"The conditions require that the fight must be made within sight of the judges."

Nature's Remedy for

CONSTIPATION

Zaegel's Essence, made of roots and herbs, is a remarkable medicine which affects the entire system. It tones up the stomach and creates an appetite; works on the liver and has a mild, continuous effect upon the bowels, thus cleaning out the entire system. It makes new, rich blood, regulates the heart and kidneys and rids the body of all waste matter. It also induces a gentle perspiration, thus preventing fevers.

Rheumatism, backache and headache, and all nervous diseases are rapidly benefited, as well as diseases peculiar to women.

Zaegel's Essence is guaranteed under the Pure Food Law to be free from morphine, opium, cocaine or other harmful drugs. It is not a secret patent medicine, but is made of Roots and Herbs, the names of which are on every package.

Remember, constipation brings on more sickness than all other causes combined and that Zaegel's Essence is nature's remedy for it.

One package of roots and herbs with full directions how to prepare the medicine at home, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 35 cents.

Address all orders to

M. R. ZAEGEL & CO., Chemists,
Sheboygan, Wis., P.O. Box 379.

ARE YOU SICK?

And discouraged; not interested in anything? Do you want to feel fresh and wide awake in the morning, ambitious to work? Write for 30 days' treatment, and

GET WELL

When the stomach, liver and kidneys are allowed to go diseased for a time; a condition of misery follows. Bladder and urinay trouble and weakness due to excesses are serious. Don't neglect them. **Old Dr. Wright remedies** help old and young. Thirty days' treatment, one dollar. Write today.

THE OLD DR. WRIGHT REMEDY CO.
THE NASBY. TOLEDO, OHIO.

CANCER TREAT YOURSELF AT HOME

Our book tells you how, and gives evidence of what others have done for themselves. Sent free. Address, **THE BYE INSTITUTE, 207 Fair Block, Indianapolis, Indiana.**

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED

No relapse. No return of choking spells or other asthmatic symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the **FREE TEST TREATMENT**

Whetzel system of treatment approved by best U. S. medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease, including medicines, prepared for any one giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address **FRANK WHETZEL, M.D.** Dept. 8, American Express Building, Chicago.

NEW YORKER KILLS 4 BEARS

Fights One of Them in Cave After Smoking Out Three.

Monticello, N. Y., Nov. 26.—William Misner, of Grahamsville, has established a new bear killing record. He shot and killed three by design yesterday, then slew a fourth by accident.

As he tells the story, he noticed bear tracks yesterday and took up the trail, which led him to a cave. He built a smoke fire and waited. In five minutes out shambled a big black bear. He fired and killed it instantly.

Within a period of 20 minutes two other bears came coughing from the rocks, and each was killed. Then Misner decided to crawl into the cave in search of cubs. The cave was narrow, but he managed to squeeze in only to be confronted by a 300-pound male bear. In his cramped position he could not use his gun, but drew a hunting knife and began driving the blade in the animal's chest and ribs. They struggled madly for a moment, then, as Misner says, the gun was discharged and the bear fell dead.

Electric Railroads are Proving to be Big Money-Makers

I Am Building the Dan Patch Electric Line and Offer You This Opportunity to Invest With Me in This Great Enterprise

The First Electric Line to Tap the Wealth of Our Golden Northwest.

I Will Give You $1000 in the Voting Stock, Absolutely Free, in Addition to a 10 Share Investment, and I Believe this Free Stock Will Increase to Over $2000 Cash Value. Smaller Investments Will Receive Same Proportion of Free Stock.

I BELIEVE I can show you the best electric investment opportunity that ever came to your notice—I firmly believe it and I have backed up my belief by a $100,000 investment myself. I don't want you to say "yes" or "no" until you give me a chance to talk with you a little while.

If you've got some money that you want to place where it will bring you big returns, or if you want to invest a little each month out of your income, give me your careful attention for a little while until I can lay before you an investment proposition that strikes me as a great big money maker for the people, and the indisputable facts bear me out in my judgment—I want you to have all the facts and then I believe you will want to put your money where it will work for you and you only.

Now, the first thing to do is to send you my big 48-page "Book of Electric Railroad Facts," which I'll mail you free and at the same time I also send you my other book called "Why Wall Street Rules With the People's Money." When you get these two books which contain all the facts about the Dan Patch Electric Railroad and about me, personally, then I'm willing for you to sit in the quiet of your home and pass judgment on the whole proposition.

I just want you to have these two free books that will open your eyes about banks and Wall Street and investments in general; and when you get those two books I'll stake my chances on whether you'll say "Savage is wrong" or "Savage is right," and it won't interfere with our feelings or friendship if you never invest a dollar or never write me again. I offer you these two books free—I want to show you how you can make your money work and earn for you.

Now just a minute, while I give you a few facts. Perhaps nine out of ten readers of this paper know me already, but to those who do not, I want to say that I've been doing a national and international business out of Minneapolis for the past 9 years.

My business is now the largest of its kind in the world—made so by the continued patronage of nearly three million, thinking, progressive, hard working farmers and stock-raisers. These people are my friends and customers—thousands have already invested in my new enterprise—some from your own State and from every State in the Union and every Province in Canada. I have built up a number of big enterprises here in the Northwest and now I'm building the biggest of them all. It is known as the People's Electric Railroad, owned and controlled by the people.

BOOK OF ELECTRIC RAILROAD FACTS

Dan Patch Electric Railroad

The Dan Patch Electric Railroad runs from Minneapolis to Rochester, and back from Lakeville to St. Paul—130 miles.

I am not merely "thinking" of building this Railroad, I am really building it now. The Northern Section is now in successful operation—great crowds tax the capacity of our magnificent cars—3000 tons of steel rails are being delivered and laid on the Northfield Division and grading has commenced on the last division south.

I am working to make this the best constructed and biggest dividend-paying Electric Railroad in the country. High-class Electric Roads from New York to Spokane are great money-makers. I tell you all about it in my Big Book. This is the second time I have given the people a chance to share with me—my other new enterprise paid 8 per cent the first nine months and 10 per cent again this year.

Now is your chance to share with me in this enterprise—the greatest of them all. I will give you $1000 in voting stock in addition to a small investment. I want to send you the estimated net profit statement, showing how your investment can rapidly increase in cash value. This information is contained in my Big

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

REAL-LIFE GLIMPSES

BY ELIZABETH.

It is no disgrace to change one's mind. In fact, it is quite an accomplishment to be able to change it gracefully and without creating a disturbance. Not to be able to change one's mind or opinion, is more often an evidence of stubbornness, than it is of strength of character. To be "set in one's ways," is to be "set" in a rut and to become mossgrown. Mossgrown people, set in a rut, get to be cross-grained and crabbed, and not at all pleasant for steady company.

Minds may change for the worse instead of the better, but it is not for the worse which is being considered in this writing.

It is a standing jest, that women have veering minds; that a woman's no, means yes, and that she always may be counted on to do the contrary from what is expected. Sometimes this is fact; sometimes it is fiction. It depends upon the quality of the woman.

Cases have been known, where men have shown themselves of veering mind, a so. This is all right, when the wind of the mind veers from the north to a southerly direction; when it is good impulse and human kindness that work the weather vane.

To prove the truth of this, here is a story of a man who changed his mind, when it did the most good to change it, thereby bringing happiness to himself and to his family.

This man was the head of a family of which the eldest child was a son. The man was in comfortable circumstances and belonged to the class which comes under the head of substantial citizens. His home life was pleasant, his being a family in which there were no dissensions or serious conflicts of will, until the eldest son took it into his head to get married, at a much younger age than is common with young men and maids of this day and generation. The boy was only 19 years old. The girl he wished to marry was but 16.

"Too young to know their own minds," would be the general opinion.

This was the hard and fast opinion of the young man's father. He became a man of wrath when his son broke the news, and, figuratively speaking, tore up the turf in his display of opposition. In spite of his stern parent's anger, the young man married the girl of his choice, and was cast off forever and the day after, at least it was so asserted by his father.

"He cannot come home, and he never can come home," the elder man declared, stoutly.

As might be expected, the boy's mother was all for forgiveness. Her appeal and advice were to help the young couple along. The boy's father, having started on the rough road, traveled by those beset with the evil spirit of anger and unforgiveness, would relent, and was consequently exceedingly unhappy. The boy had gone against his will; he had defied his authority, when he was not in a position to be thus defiant, now he might shift for himself and pay the price of his foolishness.

It was words to this effect, only more so, which the father used in expressing his displeasure, and in trying to make himself believe he was implacable. He kept on acting violently the part of unforgiving parent, until those about him went in fear and trembling, believing he was as fiercely angry as he represented.

Many a time, long and loud protestations of anger and its companions, become a habit, or a case of keeping up appearances. "Never" is a long time when applied to forgiveness, whether one is, or is not, to blame for the cause of the quarrel. Grievances grow by nourishing with bitter thoughts of the one who has aggrieved us. We can, if we want to, think up more imaginary wrongs in five minutes than we can get over in five years.

It is a safe guess in the case of the unrelenting parent, that down in his heart there were love and forgiveness for the son he had cast off. He kept on wearing the face of anger, because his pride prevented him from going back on his word, which is a common failing, especially when the wrong word has been spoken.

Meantime, the boy who had gone and got married managed to earn a living for himself and wife without asking to come home and be supported. He had assumed a man's responsibilities, and he went to work like a man, to meet them. Seemingly, this fact did not soften his father. He continued to say "no" to all propositions for reconciliation, and turned his face away from his son, declaring his determination to keep it turned away forever.

The boy moved to another town shortly after his marriage, and more than a year passed before he hinted at such a thing as a homecoming. When he was ready to come, he did not hint, or ask for an invitation. He simply wrote that he was coming for a visit, bringing with him his wife and "the baby."

His father, according to his habit, when reminders of his son arose, hoisted the storm signal and blustered. He was still an unforgiving parent, who would have nothing to do with his son, he persisted.

The young man's mother was troubled with fear of what might happen when her son arrived, but she would not try to stop his coming. She and one of her daughters went to the station to meet the train he had written would bring him, and there they found the unforgiving father. He did not explain his presence or his intentions. He was inclined to silence and stayed among those waiting, so his wife concluded it was the part of wisdom to ask no questions, though she was in dread of an unpleasant scene.

When the train pulled in, and the little family, about which there had been more than some trouble, was on the platform, the unforgiving father made a rush forward and seized "the baby" from its mother's arms, to cradle it in his own.

It was not necessary for words to be spoken. Actions often speak louder than words, and this was an action that shouted.

All was forgiven.

When last heard from the father was about to build a house for his son near the family dwelling, so they might all be together.

Thus was a home tragedy brought to a happy ending. The one who brought it about was the one who caused it, but he had sense enough, and was strong enough to change his mind at the moment when a mind that changed for the better did the most good.

If any of you present have decided to never forgive, change your mind. You are playing a foolish part.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

You do yourself and the world far more good by thinking and speaking well of people, than you do by thinking and speaking ill.

Don't make tragedies out of life's little annoyances. Laugh them away.

By having faith in people, you will create faithfulness. This is a tried and true recipe.

Sharp words never get you anything except dislike and unwilling submission or obedience.

Get the habit of being good-natured, if you want to be well and happy. You will find it will not hurt you much.

Worrying never helped anything or anyone. Cut it out. It takes up too much valuable time.

If you must "jaw," go away by your lonesome and "jaw" yourself.

We all have to take the bitter with the sweet, whether we want to or not. If we do as well as can be expected under the circumstances, the bitter has a way of vanishing.

There's a smile for you somewhere every day in the week, if you invite it to come your way.

Children kick and scream when denied what they want. Grown-ups do practically the same thing, only they have a different way of raising ructions.

It is a dangerous thing to laugh at another's peculiarities. The laugh may be on us at any time.

Life grows deadly monotonous if it is lived too seriously. Take a little time off now and then for fun and laughter.

It is as great an accomplishment to be able to adjust yourself to people, as it is to be able to adjust yourself to circumstances.

The woman who brings a breach of promise suit is seeking redress for damaged pride, not damaged affections.

Many a time when you think this world is a wilderness of woe, all you need in order to make you change your mind, is a good, long, sweet sleep.

If you don't believe that a smile is worth more than a frown, try a frown day and then a smile day, just to see what you get.

Well, I wish you a merry Christmas.

HOW THE GREEKS BAKE

A very primitive oven is used by the Greek peasants for baking bread. A fire is first lit inside to heat the fabric; then the embers are raked out and the dough placed within. When the oven grows cool the bread is supposed to be baked. All the ovens are situated in the open air, and several houses usually share one between them.—Wide World Magazine.

DONT'S FOR MOTHERS

Don't let one child think he or she is father's or mother's favorite.

Don't chide them for every trifling offence.

Don't nag. Correct them lovingly, but firmly.

Don't threaten. Say what you mean, and adhere to it.

Don't promise unless you intend to fulfill it as soon as possible.

FROM THE CHILDREN

The children's department of this page, was started with two or three letters from children, who just thought they would write, I guess, as letters from the little folk had not been thought of, or suggested. They were published, and since then, the letters have come thicker and faster until it is impossible to publish them all. We do the best we can, but, boys and girls, the way to have your letter published, is to write a very good one about something you think of yourself. It is not a good plan to copy those you see in the paper. All alike letters would soon cease to be interesting. So put on your thinking caps, little folks, if you want to come in.—Elizabeth.

To the Dear Young Readers of The Blade—Perhaps you would like to have a line from a boy, 63 years old, but still a boy. Yes, of course we take the Blade. It looks just as it did when I was a boy. I would like for every girl or boy who writes to The Blade, to tell us just what they do and raise in their section of the country. The Blade is the only paper that gives us a chance of getting acquainted with one another. We have the best part of Michigan where we raise corn, potatoes, wheat and fruit of all kinds. The name of my farm is Lake View.

I have two boys. They have a little manufacturing business of their own. Times are good here. Canning factories are running night and day. We old soldiers and our wives, meet once a month, and have a good time. Soldiers do not have to pay taxes in this state. If the young people want me to, I will give some of my experiences telegraphing during the war, and how I went back and stole my wife in Maryland. She is fine yet. Looks just like a girl.—Uncle Harry, Michigan.

Dear Old Blade—As I have not seen a letter from Edmonds, Washington, I thought I would write one, if you will admit me into your corner. I am a boy, 13 years old. I love to read the children's letters, and the poems. I have two little brothers: Leslie, 8 years old, and Elihu, nearly 4 months old. He is the little pet in our home. My brother Leslie and I go to school. The school house is near by us. We go to the M. E. Sunday school. We live near Puget Sound, and we can see the big steam ships pass, going into Seattle, and out through the Straits of Sanjuandefuca, to the Pacific ocean.

On clear days we can see the Olympic mountains rising in beauty and grandeur, with their snow capped peaks towering toward the skies. We look northward and Mt. Baker, with its perpetual crown of snow, looms up in majestic form. It is quite interesting to hear the fog horns in time of a heavy fog on the Sound. They are supposed to sound every two minutes, and when there are lots of them in hearing distance, it is amusing.

On election day, most of our school

LITTLE PEJUTA.

From a painting by Carl Mucke, a German historical painter, who lived from 1806 to 1891.

turned out in procession. We marched through the streets, with banners and flags, against the saloons coming into our town again. The "drys" won the victory. Edmonds cannot have saloons for two years, at least. We have what is called the wet and dry season here. The rainy season sets in with November, and lasts until March, although it doesn't rain all the time. The nights in winter are long and quite dark only when the moon shines.

It never gets very cold here, the temperature scarcely ever falls to zero. Washington is called the evergreen state on account of the kind of timber that grow here, such as fir, cedar and balsam. Maybe I am writing too long a letter for the first one. If this does not find its way to the waste basket, probably I will come again some time.—Respectfully Yours, Edward Green, Washington.

Dear Blade—I am a boy from Pennsylvania. I live on a farm. I am 13 years old. I have two horses, named Dora and Frances. They are both dapple gray. I also have a colt, named Bess. She is black and is five months old. We have seven little pigs. They are black and white spotted. One is smaller than the rest and is very tame and follows me all around. His name is Mickey. I have three sisters and two brothers. My oldest brother is in the navy. We have a small farm of 60 acres. I like the farm real well, especially in the summer.

There is plenty of game around here, such as rabbits, 'coons, foxes and squirrels. We have been reading The Blade for some time and enjoy it very much, especially the children's letters. I shall always have a good word for The Blade. This is my first letter and I hope to see it in print. If I do, I will write again, some time.—W. Tozer, La Jose, Pennsylvania.

Dear Boys and Girls—I am a little girl, 10 years of age. I go to Silver Grove school. My teacher's name is Mr. Stuctsman. I like to go to school. I am in the fifth grade. My father and mother have been taking The Blade for about a year. I enjoy reading the children's letters. This is my third letter, but I have not seen any in print yet, so I am trying again.

I live on a farm of 95 acres. For pets, I have three kittens, a cat, a dog, a calf, and some chickens. I have been in 15 different states and have lived in Idaho. That is a very beautiful state. There are many wild flowers there. Well, I will close for this time. If I see this in print, I will come again.—Zella Ayers, Clarksville, Ohio.

Willie, Alice, Harry, Mary,
Christmas greetings now I send.
Cora, Freddie, Sadie, Johnnie,
Don't forget Santa Claus, your friend.

POEMS REQUESTED

All letters for this page should have Household Editor written on the envelope.

The verses, When Chickens Come Home to Roost, as recited by Billy Sunday, are requested.

Here are the opening lines of a poem that is wanted:
The holly, O the holly,
Green leaves and berries red.

A song asked for has these lines:
Put on your old grey bonnet, with those blue ribbons on it.

One of our friends would like the poem which has this beginning:
From the kitchen Martha Hopkins, as she stood there making pies,
Southward looks along the turnpike, with her hand above her eyes.

The poem entitled Gossip Town is asked for. It begins:
Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falsehood bay?

POETS' CORNER

The Poets' Corner for this week is filled with pieces suitable for school Christmas entertainments, or for other occasions that come along 'bout this time of year.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH

By Charles Mackay.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now.
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly-Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother and sire and children,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your heart grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow;
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the Holly-Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'er burdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow,
If e'er you hoped, hope now.
Take heart—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly-Bough.

A LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS

By William Howard.

(A little girl is seated with her slate and pencil. A postman's whistle is heard, and she exclaims, "There is the letter-man!" She runs to the door and returns with a large envelope, made of white wrapping-paper sealed with red wax, which she tears open, announces it is written by Santa Claus to the pupils of the school, and then reads it aloud. In the last verse the names of the children present are to be substituted for the printed ones.)

Merry Christmas! little children,
From my home so far away
Send I loving Christmas greetings
To you on your holiday.

You may watch and wait till midnight
Looking at the falling snow,
But be sure you won't discover
When I come or when I go.

For I come when all is silent,
Not a breath will then be heard,
And I softly through the chimney
Enter, saying not a word.

Quickly to the stockings step I,
And I place in every one
Something for the Christmas frolic,
Something for the Christmas fun.

Hark! my reindeer out the window,
France and shake a warning note;
Santa Claus will speed away then,
Wrapping close his cap and coat.

Your surprise, when comes the morning,
Gladness which your bright eyes tell,
Grateful, merry, happy children,
Pleases Santa Claus full well.

Willie, Alice, Harry, Mary,
Christmas greetings now I send.
Cora, Freddie, Sadie, Johnnie,
Don't forget Santa Claus, your friend.

THE CHIMNEY DRUMMER BOY

By William J. Long.

This may be recited by one or more boys, in drum-major time and with fife and drum accompaniment. Get some soldier man to help you in training the children for this.

There's a boy I know, and he drums all day,
For his chief delight is in soldier play.
'Tis a very little boy,
And a very big drum,
And everywhere he goes he makes things hum,
With his brum, b-rrr rum-brum, 'm Brum! Brum!

When the rooster crows at break of day,
Then his kettle-drum drums the reveille.
At noon and at night,
As he comes from school,
Then he drums the "Retreat from Sebastopol."
And the neighbors all hum,
When they hear him come—
Hi diddle-dumpty, tinkle-tankle-tum,
Brum, br-rrr rum-brum, Brum!

Now Santa Claus heard him, one Christmas eve,
And said to himself: "'Tis clear, I perceive,
That this idle boy is no good here;
For to study and work are not his sphere.
So I'll take him with me,
My drummer to be,
And I'll feed him on jam and peppercorn tea.
And my elves will come
When they hear him drum—
Plan, hat-apian, tum-a-tum-tum,
Brum, br-rrr rum-brum, Brum!

That night, as he slept in his trundle-bed,
With his drum and his drum-sticks under his head,
They were all whisked off up the chimney flue—
The drum stuck tight
But the boy went through.
Then Santa Clause sneezed with the soot in his nose,
And the boy woke up, as you may suppose.
He lost his hold on the chimney rim;
Head over heels he tumbled in—
Bim! (That was his head.)
Bim, tumble-in, bim-bim! (Those were his heels.)

There he is in his own big drum,
For he can't get out till the kingdom come.
So he drums all day, to his heart's delight,
And the elfins feed him every night.
In the fireplace dark,
If you listen sharp,
When the house is still, and the watch-dogs bark,
When the wind's northeast, and the storm is come,
Up the chimney glum,
You can hear him drum—
B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r rum, Brum!

HANG UP BABY'S STOCKING

Author Unknown.

Hang up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little dimpled darling!
She ne'er saw Christmas yet!
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it,—
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan;
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can:
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so!
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby!
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

CHRISTMAS TIME

By M. N. B.

(An introductory recitation for a Christmas program.)

Christmas time for boys and girls,
Is a happy day,
For we go to grandmamma's
And eat and sing and play.

Grandma does not say to us—
"Stop that horrid noise,"
'Cause she understands we can't,
When we're "only boys."

And she lets the girls play house,
In the parlor old,
And when they strew things around,
Grandma doesn't scold.

But we ought to pick them up,
Even on Christmas day,
For we shouldn't make kind friends
Trouble with our play.

Yes, we love the Christmas time
Best of all the year,
We have waited for it long,
Now, at last, it's here.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

FROM A HOME WOMAN

I have been greatly interested in your letters, also those of the children. Of late people have been giving their farms a name, so we call ours Maple Grove and Coldwater Farm. We have a very large spring at the edge of the grove. The water in summer is cold as ice, and there seems to be no bottom to the spring. Quite a number of visitors come to this spring in the summer, and think it a wonderful one. If the street cars would run past this spring, it could be made a pleasant summer resort, but my husband says it is too late in the afternoon for us to think of making a summer resort, as we are both in the setting sun time. He is 73 years old, and I am 64, though I am still a great worker. I love to do my household work myself and in summer I love to work in my garden.

I always have a lovely garden of all kinds of vegetables. My dooryard is kept nicely mowed all summer and I have so many flowers. They are a pleasure to look at. Sometimes I stand and think if I am ever permitted to get to heaven, unless there are flowers, shall I be happy there?

I was born and raised in old Virginia. I love the place of my birth and often when I look at the moon, I think that the same moon that is shining on me is shining on my native land. I lived there at the time of the civil war, and at its close I married a northern soldier and came to this state of Pennsylvania to live. I have lived here 46 years. I love the summer time. The landscapes are beautiful, but the winters are so cold! It is hard to get used to the cold weather and deep snows.

Our children are all married and have homes of their own. They are doing well and it is a great pleasure to visit them, though some of them live so far away we cannot see them when we want to. The children come home quite often. If you could see them sometimes, when they are all here together with their children, you would think it was a small army, but we love to see them, whenever they come.

My letter is growing lengthy, so I must stop writing and bid you all a happy goodnight. I love to read the letters in the Cozy Corner so well.—Ellie Rose of Old Virginia, Pennsylvania.

A LITTLE CHAT

Hello! Cozy Corners—May I come in just for a little chat? I dearly love to get acquainted with new people, especially when they are interesting, and I am always eager to learn good things. I think the Cozy Corner usually has them. Well, I am a genuine Perry county woman. I am 24 years old, five feet tall, weight 96 pounds, have blue eyes and dark hair. Now you know me, and know, too, when you begin to sum me up, that I do not amount to much, so far as size is concerned.

I live on a small farm and have one little girl, six years old. We have some stock and chickens, and lots of fruit, so you see I have enough to do, and I manage to get the biggest end of it done, if I am not very large. My husband works in a mine and does not have much time to help me, although he is always willing to. I love my home and I try to make it my happiest place, for there is no place like home. I am one of those who try to be satisfied with what comes, because I think an all-wise God rules it so.

Can anyone tell me a way to can or bottle horseradish so it will keep? I would be so glad to know. Just one little hint and I will close. Those who are not fortunate enough to have gas for light, put a piece of camphor gum the size of a hickory nut in your oil lamps, and thank me for your bright light. I may come again with some more. Goodby.—A Perry County Midget, Ohio.

TESTED RECIPES

Having noticed on the Household Page that Clara A., of Oregon is in difficulties about her Christmas cake, I am sending a few tried recipes.

There is plenty of time to give these a trial before Christmas. The first is for—Apple Fruit Cake. Two cups of dried apples, soaked over night. Mince fine, and cook slowly two hours, in two cups of molasses. Cool, and add two well beaten eggs, one cup of lard, one of sugar, one of sour milk in which dissolve one teaspoonful of saleratus. Add one tablespoon of ground cloves, cinnamon, and nutmeg; add one cup of seeded raisins. Flour enough to make a rather stiff batter. Bake slowly in a moderate oven. Be sure it is thoroughly baked. I have used this recipe for 25 years and it always makes delicious cake.

Coffee Cake—Two cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one of molasses, four eggs, one cup of strong coffee, one teaspoonful of saleratus, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, four cups of flour, one cup of currants and one of raisins.

Auntie's Nut Cake—Cream a half cup of butter with one cup of sugar. Add two eggs, beaten very light. Beat all together. Sift two cups of flour three times, with one teaspoonful of cream tartar and a half teaspoonful of soda, or saleratus, reserving a very little of the flour to dredge one cup each of raisins and walnut meats, chopped fine. Add the flour alternately with one-half cup of milk. Beat the cake well, add the nuts and raisins, and bake in a moderate oven. Always be sure the cake is well done, or else it will be a failure. I use a broom splint to try mine.—Aunt Mildred, New York.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Here's a bouquet for you, Cozy Corner people—"I have not been a reader of The Blade very long, but your letters do me lots of good and I feel I ought to let you know that your work is not all in vain. I think the Cozy Corner is getting better all the time. —Mrs. John Pickerd, Michigan."

Mrs. F. Fox—I like your card and the message it brought me. Here's a handshake for you.—Elizabeth.

FREE

FIVE BEAUTIFUL

Christmas Post Cards

To quickly introduce our new and up-to-date line of Cards, we will for the next 20 days send absolutely free this choice assortment of 5 Beautiful Christmas Cards, if you answer this ad immediately and send 2c stamp for postage. These lovely Art Post Cards in beautiful colors and exquisite gold embossed designs, comprise the prettiest and most attractive collection ever offered. With each set we include our special plan for getting a big Post Card Album and 40 additional extra fine cards of your own selection FREE.

Art Post Card Club, Dept. 132, Topeka, Kan.

A Pass-It-Along Party

"In sending out your invitations to a Pass-It-Along Party ask your guests to bring with them some trifle that they do not want themselves, but that might be just the thing for some one else," says the Woman's Home Companion for October. "All sorts of misfits will turn up, from a duplicate volume of verses to a pink necktie. These should be carefully wrapped and each guest must keep his package until the game begins and, in spite of all inducements, refuse to tell what it contains.

"When all are ready, they form a circle and some one plays on the piano. While the music plays the bundles are passed from one to another as quickly as possible, but when, suddenly, the music stops, each one must keep the package he is holding. Now comes a scurrying into corners, for each one must open the package that he drew without letting his neighbor see what it contains. If he is perfectly satisfied with his 'find' and decides to keep it, he drops out of the game. If not, he ties it up again, joins the circle and tries his luck once more. The music is played and the bundles passed again, and this is kept up until every one is well suited or until only two people are left in the ring. Then the gifts are compared, and it is surprising to see how well some of the 'exchanges' fit.

"It is well for the hostess to have an extra package or two in readiness, in case some of her guests should forget to come provided."

Your neighbors' affairs are not yours, unless they come to you for sympathy or counsel.

CHRISTMAS DOLLS

HERE is a Christmas entertainment, which may be very easily arranged, if anyone wishes to make use of it.

To begin with the children come skipping in, singing:

"Here we come with our Christmas dolls,
Christmas dolls, Christmas dolls,
Here we come with our Christmas dolls,
Wouldn't you like to see them?"

(Tune—"Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush.")

The children then form a semicircle on the stage, and each one steps to the front as she gives her recitation, and then back to her place again.

First Child:

This is my Christmas dolly;
Her name is French—Celeste;
And of my many children,
She is the very best.
This dress, you see, is finest silk,
Her shoes are dainty kid,
And underneath this cunning hat
Her pretty curls are hid.
And do I love my precious doll?
Well, I just guess I do (hugging it)!
I'll love her even when she's old
As well as while she's new.

Second Child:

When I awoke on Christmas morn,
I jumped right out of bed,
And ran into the nursery,
And not a word I said,
Until I saw my Christmas tree,
And then I laughed in glee;
For on it hung this pretty doll;
I knew it was for me.
And so I took it in my arms
And kissed its lovely face,
And then I said, "Now, dolly dear,
I'm going to call you Grace."

Third Child (Black Doll):

This is Miss Lucindy Ann—
And though she's black as jet
She's just as good as any doll
To love, and hug and pet.
I found her in my stocking, dressed
In this gay calico,
With bright bandanna on her head,
And orange ribbow bow.
I think she's very pretty,
And I guess that you do, too;
And don't you wish that I would give
Lucindy Ann to you?

Fourth Child (Japanese doll):

I wrote a note to Santa Claus,
And this is what I said:
"Please bring to me a brand-new doll;
The last you brought is dead."
And so on Christmas morning
I found this Jappy here,
It made me laugh to see her,
She looked so very queer.
But I said to her politely,
"Good morning, Miss Yum-Yum.
This, you know, is Christmas day;
I'm very glad you've come."

Fifth Child (Rag Doll):

My dolly did not come from France,
Nor far away Japan;
She's neither Spanish, Dutch nor Swiss,
She's just A-mer-i-can.
I know she is not beautiful,
Nor very finely dressed,
But I don't care for that—I think
American dolls are best.

Sixth Child (Eskimo):

My dolly is an Eskimo
From near the Arctic Sea;
Kris Kringle brought her in his sleigh
On Christmas eve for me.
She always wears this dress of fur,
Because where she was born
It is so very, very cold.
No light clothes can be worn.
But when she's been with me awhile
I think I'll make a change
And dress my doll in colors bright;
Then she'll not look so strange.

Seventh Child (holding a Teddy Bear behind her):

Now you all think your dolls are fine,
Of that I'm well aware;
But I have one to beat them all—
For mine's a Teddy bear (holding it up).
He doesn't wear a fancy dress,
He likes his coat of brown,
And he is just as handsome
As any doll in town.
I like to hold him in my arms,
And rock him in my chair,
Because he looks so cunning—
My little baby bear.

Eighth Child (Doll dressed as infant):

My doll's so very sleepy
She can't hold up her head;
She's just a wee, small infant.
And it's time she was in bed.
Your dollies all look sleepy, too,
And so I'm going to say,
"Let us sing our little lullaby
And carry them away."

SONG.

(Tune—"There is a Happy Land.")
(To be sung very slowly and softly.)

Here comes the old Sand Man,
Close, close your eyes;
He'll catch you if he can,
So now be wise.
Then while you sweetly sleep,
Angels their watch will keep,
Bright stars will o'er you peep
Down from the skies.

(Tiptoe softly off the stage, holding the dolls as though asleep, and humming the tune very faintly.)

From a book of Christmas Entertainments, published by The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. Written by Elizabeth J. Rook.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear Folks—Well, here's hoping that I shall think of something to write, pretty soon. I have been sitting here for half an hour, trying to say something. I live out in the great, wide west, and—yes, I ride horseback. We have a little fruit ranch of 10 acres. I cannot say that I like farming. My husband and I were raised in cities and we still hanker for them. We are baseball crazy. My husband used to be a professional, but because I objected he gave it up. Now I am trying to have him get back again.

I was born in Iowa, have lived in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Washington. I have been as far east as Middleport, N. Y., and as far west as Seattle. My mother died when I was 9 years old. I was graduated from the high school normal, got married and had a baby who is now 2 years old, and I am 21. Don't you think I have had an eventful life?

I love to keep house and to fix it up cozily, and I love to travel. I hope some day to be able to make a long trip through this country, and then I shall call on all M. G. R.'s. After that I want to go to Europe.

How many are reading the continued stories in The Blade? I read them all and enjoy them. I help outside sometimes, but more times my good man helps me inside and takes care of baby while I go away. How is this for a baby's nickname—Sunnabunch? I hear him now, so I must go. Maybe I shall tell you sometime about my experience with the largest herd of buffalo. It was while I was in Montana. Here's hoping.—Polly June, Washington.

Dear M. G. R.'s—Please allow me the pleasure of joining your happy and contented company once more, as it has been some time since I have asked permission. I am a member of the circle, and I certainly enjoy it. My father takes the dear old Blade, and I love it almost as much as I do him. But please don't mention it. He might "dust my rags."

I will tell you something of old Kentucky. I am a Kentucklan, and I think it is a fine little state. It is a part of a very old land surface and comprises six well-defined physical regions. They are the blue grass, the knobs, the mountains or eastern coal field, the western coal field, the cavernous limestone area, and the Jackson purchase. The rivers of Kentucky, cut deep and are characterized in general by steep, rocky banks. The climate is healthful and pleasant.

I live near a little town named Harrodsburgh. It is the oldest town in the state and has a population of about 3,000.

Now I am going to tell you good-bye and I want you all to be good boys and girls until I see you again.—Eva Brown, Kentucky.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—It has been more than two years since I wrote to the M. G. R., and so I think it is about time for me to come around and pay my dues. The reason I did not come sooner, was because I did not think I could write anything more interesting than what we were having. I have been, and always am, interested in the M. G. R. I am sure that anyone can get much knowledge from our column.

Like so many others, I am a school teacher, and I am proud of it. We all are engaged in a noble work, for we are helping to make the nation what it is. Eyes Open says, "I am not finding the pathway strewn with roses." I can say the same. I have taught seven years, and I like it better every year, but anyone who knows anything about the educational business, must admit that teaching is one of the most tedious works going. Many people dispute the wages earned by a teacher. They say a teacher does not earn anything, but one who wants to be successful works every night as well as every day.

My hardest work is teaching the smaller children. Some are bright enough to grasp things quickly, while others insist upon calling "the," "cat," and "cat," "the," and so forth. However, I never get discouraged, but keep on trying and sometime, the words are conquered. Our county institute will be held Nov. 14-18. This is a bright feature of teaching, which all educators enjoy. I believe there is no happier company than when the teachers of a county come together to enjoy Institute week.

I am very fond of traveling and am among those who have seen Niagara Falls. It is a grand place. The scenery is too wonderful to be even imagined. It must be seen to be appreciated. I spent several days there, visiting the principal points of interest, and I can assure you, I enjoyed my trip very much. It would make too long a story to tell you all about it in detail.

How many of you M. G. R.'s like to read? I do, and I have read quite a good deal. The most recent book I read was The Last of the Mohicans. It is very good. Among others I have read, is Ishmael, or Self-Raised. To those who have not read this, I would say, get it and read it. It will surely do you good.

Goodbye, M. G. R.'s, I will now sit down and listen to your talk, for a year or two.—Keystone Lad, Pennsylvania.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Kindly omit poetry in your letters to the M. G. R. We have a poet's Corner where we correl the verse.

Nannie Hamm—The subject you suggest for discussion, is barred from the Household page. Come again with something pleasanter.

Mildred Horneker—You are requested by several of our members to write again.

Mrs. Inez Fifield—We are very glad you like us, but "oh you rhymes." Come again in prose.

This Will Stop Your Cough in a Hurry

Save $2 by Making This Cough Syrup at Home.

This recipe makes a pint of better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for $2.50. A few doses usually conquer the most obstinate cough—stops even whooping cough quickly. Simple as it is, no better remedy can be had at any price.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. It has a pleasant taste and lasts a family a long time. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. Has a good tonic effect, braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, too, which is helpful. A handy remedy for hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and all throat and lung troubles.

The effect of pine on the membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norwegian white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe has attained great popularity throughout the United States and Canada. It has often been imitated, though never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 242 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

OUR FAIRY TALE

THE burgomaster of Fairytown had just called a town meeting. Said he when everyone had come and found a seat:

"The church steeple needs fixing. I have spoken about that several times. We ought to have a new bridge. The old one, as you all know, is ready to fall into the river. A little more road mending would make this place better to live in. Then I want the habit of ringing the town bell stopped. It's a nuisance and as you all have suffered from it because the mischievous boys ring it at dead of night I think you'd like to have it taken down. There's too much jawing and backbiting and general foolishness going on and that might be remedied while we are attending to the other things."

As the burgomaster stopped talking one of the old citizens of Fairytown rose to his feet and said in a cracked voice:

"I don't think the steeple needs no fixin'. I seen it when it was built and it was good and strong then. The bridge, too, isn't very old or very bad. The one before it was older and worse. As for mending the roads, the thing to do is to keep off 'em. Then they won't wear out. When I was a boy I rang the town bell whenever I wanted to and I don't see why the boys shouldn't do so now. Besides I'm so deaf I can't hear it an it doesn't bother me. Neither does the jawing and back-biting. I've heard it all my life and here I be as lively as ever. I don't see why you called this meeting—for such trifling stuff as this."

"All right, my friend," said the burgomaster, "I've decided to take a vacation. You can fill my office while I'm gone."

"That's what I'll do," said the old fairy.

So that was the way the burgomaster happened to take his first trip out of town. He was gone for many weeks. When he came back and entered his house there sat the old fairy, very unhappy and woe begone.

"I'm mighty glad to see you back," he said, "I'm tired of this job. It's awful. The church steeple is ready to tumble down. The bridge'll go pretty soon if taint fixed up. The roads be in frightful shape. The way the town bell is rung in Fairytown is a shame and everybody seems to have the most fearful habit of gossiping and quarreling and making trouble. If you can do anything about it you can do more'n I could. I never see such a town!"

TAKING PRECAUTIONS

Young wife (in a passion)—"I'm going home to my mother!" Husband (calmly)—"Very good; here's money for your railway fare." Wife (after counting it)—"But that isn't enough for a return ticket."

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman.

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline
YOU PAY NOTHING FOR IT

We have proven our scientific formula of Vitaline is a cure for the diseases and symptoms mentioned below—it is reliable and there is no doubt about this. Vitaline tablets are just the treatment so many are looking for, but they should have and must have to be made strong, vigorous and healthy. It makes no difference if you are very weak, hopeless and your trouble long-standing, Vitaline tablets should easily overcome it—they will not disappoint you.

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STOMACH TROUBLES—Pain in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bad Taste or Breath, Sick Headache, Nausea, Heartburn, Sour Belching, Spitting Up, Catarrh, Gas, Gnawing, Nervousness.

HEART WEAKNESS—Fluttering, Skipping, Palpitation, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Short Breath, Weak, Sinking, Cold or Dizzy Spells, Swelling, Rheumatism, Throbbing in Excitement or Exertion.

CATARRH—Hawking, Spitting, Nose Running, Watery or Yellowish Matter or Stopped Up, Sneezing, Dull Headache, Coughing, Deafness, Pain in Kidneys, Bladder, Lungs, Stomach or Bowels May be Catarrh.

BLOOD TROUBLES—General Debility, Paleness, Thin, Weak, Run-Down, Nervous, Rash, Sores, Ulcers, Pimples, Chilly or Feverish, Loss of Flesh and Strength.

Exact size of Bottle containing $20 Vitaline tablets.

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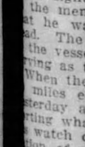

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MARRY WEALTH AND BEAUTY. Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. Plan. Box 314 T. S., Kansas City, Mo.

WHALES ESCORT DEAD

Game on Ship, Others Gather Around.

Provincetown, Mass., Nov. 26.—Can whales mourn and sympathize like humans? Captain Shepard, Second Officer White and most of the crew of the steamer Welsh Prince, which arrived in port yesterday from Yokohoma, believe that they do.

At Yokohoma the Welsh Prince received the skeleton of a whale described as the largest ever captured along the coast of Japan. The bones were packed in seven crates and weighed 175 tons. The skeleton was stowed in the hold with considerable difficulty, because the jaw alone weighed two and one-half tons and filled the crate that could be lowered through a hatch, 24 by 15 feet, only with considerable squeezing.

Also Baby Whale.

With the skeleton came a baby whale preserved in alcohol. Both were from the Japanese government and consigned to a museum in New York. Bill Williams, able seaman, reported sighting whales every day until the members of the crew hinted that he was not just right in the head. The whales approached close to the vessel as if they knew it was coming as their ancestor's hearse.

When the Welsh Prince was about 200 miles east of Boston Lightship Saturday and Bill had tired of reporting whales, Captain Shepard and the watch officers say that an aggregation of monsters had assembled and lay across the steamship's course, trying to defy her progress. Fully one hundred whales, big and little, sported toward the ship, then surrounded her and forged ahead at an average pace. Some came close alongside the ship, and Bill declares they tried to stand on their flukes for a peep down the battened hatches at the forms of the whale from Japan. Shallow water prevented the leviathans from continuing their course.

MISSIONS CONVENTION

La Crosse, Wis., Nov. 29.—The Methodist Episcopal home missionary convention for southern Minnesota and western Wisconsin began a two-day session here today with an attendance of several hundred delegates and visitors.

ORDER IS RESTORED THROUGHOUT MEXICO

Report Says Revolutionary Leader, Sabred by a Traitor, Is Saved by Others.

Eagle Pass, Tex., Nov. 25.—That Francisco I. Madero, reported wounded during the skirmish between federal troops and the Maderoists at Guererro yesterday, was sabred by one of his own men who had turned traitor, is an unconfirmed report that reached here today.

Loyal adherents of the revolutionary leader are said to have closed in on his assailants and to have prevented Madero from being killed.

El Paso, Tex., Nov. 25.—All was quiet between El Paso and Mexico City when the train which reached El Paso from Mexico City this morning came through. All the telegraph wires were in operation and there was no fighting.

Passengers from Parral declared there was no fighting there yesterday and the troops reported as passing through Torreon, "to quell rioting at Parral," were merely reinforcements and were not for maintaining order at Parral.

These passengers brought the report that an American named Storey was wounded in the Parral fighting Monday at the same time that Thomas Lawson, an American, was accidentally killed. Information to the El Paso Herald today from the border of Sonora is that Hermosilla, Guyamas and Mazatlan are quiet. A message from Gananea said quiet prevails there, and 40 of the garrison of 125 soldiers have been sent to Naco, Sonora.

Indians Not In It.

"The story of revolutionists of Cananea furnishing arms and ammunition to Yaqui Indians is a Canard," declares the Herald correspondent.

R. J. Marshall, a mining man who was at Parrall during the fighting, was among the passengers arriving here today.

"Americans were warned to keep out of it," said Mr. Marshall.

"Tom Lawson was killed and Storey was wounded, but they were hit by stray bullets. The official report at Parral said only four persons were killed, but there were more than that, as I have seen a photograph of 10 dead in one spot.

"All is quiet now and no more trouble is expected. Business is going on as usual.

M. F. Chaffin, a mining man from the neighborhood of Zacatecas reported there had been no trouble in that vicinity.

Quiet in Chihuahua.

New York, Nov. 25.—The insurrectionary flames in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, have apparently subsided to a marked degree, according to despatches received here by Vice-President E. D. Kenna, of the Mexico Northwestern Railway company whose lines run between Chihuahua and Madero and El Paso and Terrazas.

No Foreigners Hurt.

George Rutledge, the superintendent of the El Paso division of the Mexico Northwestern Railway Co., telegraphs from Ciudad Juarez that "no foreigners have been molested; that there has been no trouble of any kind on his division and that the reports concerning disturbances among the laborers engaged in railroad construction are absolutely without foundation."

RAILROAD LOOTED

Former General Manager and Other Employes of I. C. Indicted.

Chicago, Nov. 25.—Frank B. Harriman, John M. Laylor and .C L. Ewing, former officers and employes of the Illinois Central railroad, and Joseph E. Buker were indicted today by the Cook county grand jury for conspiracy in connection with frauds said to have been practiced against the railroad.

Two counts in the blanket indictment also charge operation of a confidence game. Each defendant's bond is fixed at $20,000.

A total of $4,825,650, it is charged, was illegally taken from the Illinois Central by the four men named, in company with the Osterman Manufacturing company, the Blue Island Car and Equipment company, the Memphis Car company and the American Car and Equipment company, which also are mentioned in the indictment.

Was a Go-Between.

The loss by alleged fraudulent deals estimated by the present railroad officials was $1,500,000, but the whole amount of transactions with the car repair companies since 1906 (when the alleged illegal conspiracy is declared have been conceived) is named in the indictment.

Buker, who escaped prosecution when arrests were first made, was indicted on the testimony of Henry Osterman, president of the Osterman Manufacturing Co., who testified that Buker was the go-between who carried the alleged illegal money gained by padding expense bills, to the former railroad officials named in the indictment.

Osterman also said the four men indicted were stockholders or received a salary as dividend from his company.

Harriman formerly was general manager of the Illinois Central, Taylor was general storekeeper, and Ewing was general superintendent. At the time the alleged repair bill padding was done, Buker was superintendent of machinery, remaining in that position till last April.

FUND IS NOT FOR POOR

Plan for "Spotless Town" Put Payments at $25 a Month and Up.

New York, Nov. 25.—The preliminary plans of the Russell Sage foundation, established by Mrs. Sage as a memorial to her husband, for the establishment of a model suburban city, providing healthful and beautiful homes for persons of moderate means, were announced yesterday. Briefly the project is to utilize a tract of 142 acres of land at Forest Hills Gardens, Long Island, nine miles from this city, in laying out a town for 1,500 families. The initial financial expenditures for the purpose, it is announced, now amount to $2,250,000. How much more will be needed to carry the plans to completion is not known, but the foundation trustees state that Mrs. Sage is prepared to supply all the funds required to carry out her ideas.

Through yesterday's announcement it is made plain that the enterprise is not a charity, but is to be made self-supporting and yield a fair return on the investment. Its purpose, rather, is to enable persons in moderate circumstances to own their own homes at a minimum cost, while obtaining buildings of better construction than the average individual could erect, and amid surroundings and under restrictions that will make the little city an ideal residence place. The minimum cost of paying for a home there, it is estimated, will be $25 a month, including principal and interest.

The officers of the foundation, who are associated with Mrs. Sage in the enterprise, are Robert W. DeForest, president; Edward H. Bouton, vice president; Cleveland H. Dodge, treasurer, and John M. Glenn, general director. The statements outlining their plans were issued from Mr. DeForest's office.

For the present, laboring men whose wages are small will not benefit directly from Mrs. Sage's enterprise. The cost of land in Forest Hill, it is explained, precludes provisions being made there for the working class. Intimation that they will be cared for later, howeevr, is given Mr. DeForest's statement, which says:

"Some people may ask why the first housing plan of the Sage foundation does not provide for the laboring man whose wages are small. The Sage foundation has not forgotten the laboring man. It may be able to announce something for his benefit later on."

In this connection it is pointed out that Mrs. Sage owns another tract of land on Long Island, although no promise is made that it will be devoted to a model city for laborers.

Forest Hills Gardens is to be made a real "spotless town" as nearly as money and skill can make it, according to the announcement. It has been laid out by Frederick Law Olmsted, a landscape gardener and its architectural development will be closely scrutinized by Grosvenor Atterbury. Applicants for homes there will also have to submit to examination as to their characters and antecedents. From the point of respectability the community is to be a real aristrocracy; financial standing a secondary consideration.

The railroad station will be situated in the public square, forming the entrance to the community. This square will be surrounded with ornamental buildings containing business offices, stores and shops. A village green of two and one-half acres will add to the picturesqueness of the entrance gate and square. Bridges will connect with the railway station and entrances to apartments, so that commuters may enter and leave trains from their apartments without exposure in stormy weather.

The present plans contemplate the opening of the model town early next year.

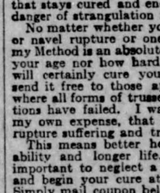
FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Operation, Pain, Danger or Loss of Time.

I have a new Method that cures rupture and I want you to use it at my expense. I am not trying to sell you a Truss, but offer you a cure that stays cured and ends all truss-wearing and danger of strangulation forever.

No matter whether you have a single, double or navel rupture or one following an operation, my Method is an absolute cure. No matter what your age nor how hard your work, my Method will certainly cure you. I especially want to send it free to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of trusses, treatments and operations have failed. I want to show everyone at my own expense, that my Method will end all rupture suffering and truss-wearing for all time.

This means better health, increased physical ability and longer life. My free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin your cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it to-day.



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Age.....
Time Ruptured .....
Cause of Rupture .....
Name.....
Address.....

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Nov. 29.—Wheat continues to follow foreign markets slavishly. Prices were lower today at the outset because of a decline at Liverpool and generally bearish foreign news, particularly advices indicating favorable developments in the Argentine crop situation. The chief speculative turn early in the day as far as the domestic market was concerned, was the appearance of resting orders at Chicago. An indication that the growing crop is getting along well is the absence of complaints. Local grain men say the fields in the Toledo territory never had a better start. Toledo opened at 94¼c, December at 94¼c, May at 98½c, and July at 94⅝c, the market being ⅝c lower all around. Save for an advance of ¼c in cash and the near month, there were practically no changes up till midday.

As the end of the session approached the market stiffened under covering by shorts and the close was practically the same as Monday's. A report of an export sale to France from Baltimore helped the buying interests. Cash closed at 94½c; Dec. at 94⅝c; May at 98⅞c, and July at 94⅞c.

Dealers say new corn is a little too damp for handling. A week or two of alternate freezing and thawing is needed to put the crop in satisfactory condition. Toledo, December opened ⅛ off at 46¾c, May ⅛c down at 48½c and July ⅛c lower at 49¾c. The market advanced about ¼c shortly after the call.

Corn closes, which follow, were unchanged to about ⅛c higher than the previous finals.

December oats opened unchanged at 33⅞c, May ⅛c down at 37c and July ⅛c lower at 35¾c. The market was steady for a time after the opening.

Cash oats finished at 34½c; May at 37⅛c, and July at 36⅛c.

Clover seed lost 7½c up till 10 a. m. losing 5c at the outset and the remainder later, when the price was $7.40.

Receipts were 253 bags, against 1,500 a year ago. The market grew firmer late in the day and most of the decline was overcome. The market closed at $8.75.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close. Nov. 29.	Close. Nov. 28.
Wheat—					
Cash	94⅛	94⅝	....	94½	94¼
Dec.	94⅛	....	....	94⅝	94⅝
May	98½	....	98⅝	98⅝	98¾
July	94⅝	....	....	94⅞	94⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	48	48
Dec.	45⅝	....	....	46	45⅝
May	48½	....	....	49	48⅝
July	49⅝	....	....	49⅝	49½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	34½	34
Dec	33⅞	....	....	34½	33⅞
May	37	....	36¾	37½	36⅝
July	35¾	....	....	36⅛	36
Clover Seed—					
Cash ...	8.72½	....	8.70	8.75	8.77½
Nov	8.72½	....	8.70	8.75	8.77½
Dec.	8.72½	....	8.70	8.75	8.77½
March ..	8.72½	....	8.70	8.75	8.77½
Rye—					
No. 2....	....	....	....	81	80¼
No. 3....	....	....	....	78	77½
Timothy—					
Prime....	....	....	....	4.45	4.45
Nov.....	....	....	....	4.45	4.45
Alsike—					
Prime....	....	....	....	9.00	9.00
Dec.....	....	....	....	9.00	9.00

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	89⅝	89⅝	89	89¼	89⅝
May	93⅛	....	94⅛	93⅝	95⅛
July	92⅝	93	92¾	92⅞	92⅝
Oats—					
Dec.	43⅜	....	43⅛	44¼	43⅜
May	46⅝	....	46⅛	47¼	46⅝
July	47⅜	....	47¼	47⅜	47⅛
Oats—					
Dec.	80⅝	....	80½	31¼	80⅝
May	33⅝	....	....	34⅛	33⅝
July	33⅝	....	....	34⅝	33⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec	95⅝	....	95½	96	96
May	1.01⅛	....	....	1.02⅛	1.02⅛

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	96½	....	96	86⅝	86½
May	90⅝	....	....	90⅞	91⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	1.00⅜	89⅜
May	....	....	....	1.04⅝	1.04⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	1.02⅛	1.01⅝
May	....	....	....	1.00⅝	1.00⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	16.85	17.10	....	17.00	16.87
May	16.30	16.42	....	16.35	16.30
Lard—					
Nov.	9.70	9.90	....	9.77	9.80
Jan.	9.70	....	....	9.72	9.70
May	9.55	....	....	9.57	....
Ribs—					
Jan.	9.02	9.10	....	9.07	9.00
May	8.90	....	....	8.75	8.90

New York Stocks.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	117	117	117	117
Am. Loco. com	37⅞	38¾	37⅞	38⅜
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	116	117	116	116⅜
Atchison	101	101⅞	100⅞	101⅞
Am. Car & F. Co	51	52¼	51	52¼
Anaconda	40	40½	40	40½
Amal. Copper	66⅜	67¼	66⅜	67¼
Am. Smelters	77½	78⅝	77½	78⅝
Am. Tel & Tel	141	141⅝	140⅜	141⅝
Am. Cotton Oil	62¼	62¼	61¼	62
Am. Beet Sugar	35⅝	36½	35⅝	36⅛
Balt. & Ohio	105⅝	106½	105⅝	106½
B'lyn R. Trans	76	76⅝	75½	76⅝
Beth Steel com	31¾	31¾	31¼	31¼
Chicago & G. W	22¼	22⅜	22¼	22⅜
Canadian Pac	194½	195¼	194½	195
Clover Leaf pfd	56¼	56⅜	56¼	56⅜
Colorado Fuel	31⅝	32⅝	31⅝	32⅝
Ches. & Ohio	81½	83	81½	83
Central Leather	33¼	33¼	33¼	33¼
Consolidated Gas	133¾	133¾	132⅝	133½
Can pfd	77½	79	77½	79
Corn Product com	16	16	16	16
Del. & Hudson	168	168	165	165
Distillers Sec	31⅞	32⅝	31⅞	32⅜
Erie com	28½	29⅜	28⅛	28⅝
Erie 1st pfd	46⅜	47¼	46⅜	47¼
Gt. Northern pfd	121¼	123	121¼	123
Gt. Northern Ore	57⅝	58	57⅝	58
Ill. Central	132	132	132	132
Int. Harvester com	110	111	109⅝	110¼
Interborough com	19¼	19⅞	19¼	19⅝
Interborough pfd	53	53⅝	53	53⅝
K. C. Sou. com	31¼	31¾	31¼	31¼
Louis. & Nash	141	142¾	141	142¾
Laclede Gas	106½	106½	106½	106½
Missouri Pacific	49¼	49¼	48¾	48¾
M. S. M.	131	131⅝	131	131
M. K. & T. com	32¾	33	32⅝	32⅞
Nor. Pacific	114⅝	115⅝	114¾	115¼
Nat'l Lead	56¼	56½	55⅝	55⅝
Nevada Con's	19⅞	20⅛	19⅞	20
Northwestern	144½	145	144½	145
North Am. Co	61	61½	61	61½
N. Y. Central	111¼	112¼	111¼	112
N. & W. com	98½	99	98¼	99
Ont. & Western	41⅜	41⅝	41⅜	41⅝
Pr. St. Car Co. com	32⅞	32⅞	32⅞	32⅞
Penn. Ry	129¾	129⅝	128¾	129⅝
Pacific Mail	32¾	33½	32¾	33½
People's Gas Co	105¼	106	105¼	106
Reading com	158¼	159¼	158¼	159¼
Rock Island	31½	32¼	31½	32¼
Rock Island pfd	66¼	66¾	66¼	66½
Rep. I. & S. Co	33	33¼	33	33⅛
Rep. pfd	86	86¾	86	86¾
South. Ry	25½	26	25½	26
South. Ry. pfd	60¾	61	60	61
St. Paul	122	123¼	122	123¼
South. Pacific	115	116	115	115⅞
So. Pac. Con. of S.	97	97	97	97
Sioss-Shef. com	49⅜	50	49⅜	50
Texas Pacific	25½	25⅞	25½	25⅞
Tenn. Copper	35⅞	36⅜	35⅝	36⅛
Union Pacific	174⅝	176¾	174⅝	176¾
Union Pacific pfd	92⅝	92⅞	92½	92½
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	104¼	104¾	104¼	104¼
U. S. Steel	76⅜	77¼	76	77¼
U. S. Steel pfd	117¼	117¾	117¼	117¾
U. S. Steel 5's	103⅜	103⅜	103½	103½
U. S. Rubber com	34	34	34	34
Utah Copper	46¾	48¼	46¾	48¼
Virginia Chem.	60¾	61¼	60¾	61¼
Western Md.	45⅞	46¾	45¼	46¾
Wabash com.	16⅞	17	16⅞	16⅞
Wabash pfd.	35¼	35¼	35	35
Western Union	71½	71½	71	71

Money and Stocks.

New York, Nov. 29.—(Wall Street)—Opening prices of stocks today were not much changed from last night in contrast with the rapid fluctuations in yesterday's market. There was a minimum of gains, but declines were more numerous with United States Steel under special pressure at a decline of ⅝. Southern Railway preferred fell 1 and Lehigh Valley, Kansas City Southern and Westinghouse Electric ¾. Lehigh Valley rebounded 1¾ over last night and the general list stiffened.

The market behaved in a fitful fashion with fluctuations confined to moderate fractions. Efforts to lift prices were met by fresh selling of American Smelting. Later prices stiffened again, but the general action of the market was hesitating and uncertain. American Smelting declined 1 and Southern Pacific, Louisville & Nashville and Utah Copper advanced 1. Colorado Fuel preferred sold 3½ higher and Wells-Fargo Express 13 points lower than preceding sales.

Higher prices were made after midday, in the most active stocks. Union Pacific, Reading, and Pennsylvania getting a point above yesterday's close, and St. Paul and United States Steel nearly as much. Missouri Pacific fell 1, and United States Express 4½.

The subsidence of yesterday's active liquidation left the tone for rish. The expression of dissent from the more extreme of the unfavorable views of Chairman Hill of the Great Northern prompted covering of shorts. The demand was not w ll spread or persistent. Lehigh Valley rose 2½, American Sugar 1⅝, and Atchison 1. Texas and Pacific and Minneapolis and St. Louis declined 3. General Electric 2½, American Linseed preferred 2⅜, and Westinghouse Electric 1¼. Bonds were heavy.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. print, 31c; solid pack, 30c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 27@28c; dairy butter, prime, 25@26c; packing stock, 21c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16½@17c; New York state, 18c; brick, 17@18c; limburger, 18@19c.

Eggs—Current receipts, 29c; candled, 31c; strictly fresh, fancy, 35c.

Onions—Spanish, 45-lb. crate, $1.25; home-grown, 100 lbs., $1.50; red, $1.60.

Celery—Michigan, 25@40c.

Lettuce—7c; head, Boston, doz., $1.50.

Endive—Dezen, 30c.

Spinach—60c.

Cucumbers—Boston, doz., $1.75@2.00.

Wax Beans—Southern, hamper, $5.00@7.00.

Egg Plant—Dozen, $1.50@2.00.

Squash—Hubbard, lb., 1@1½c.

Potatoes—40@45c.

Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, bbl., $1.50@1.75; Jersey, kiln dried, bbl., $3.75; hampers, 90c.

Turnips—Bu., 35@40c.

Cabbage—Home grown, bbl., $1.10; red, $1.25.

Cauliflower—Dozen, $1.00.

Beets—Bu., 50c.

Radishes—Bunch, 25c; Parsley, doz. bunches, 12½c.

Carrots—Bbl., $1.00.

Cranberries—Oak bog, $2.75; bbl., $7.75; late Howes, bbl., $8.75.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Apples—75c@$1.25 bu.; bbl., $3.50@5.50; Baldwins, $3.75@4.00; Northwest, fancy, box, $2.00@2.50.

Lemons—California, $5.00@5.50.

Limes—$1.25 a hundred.

Oranges—Valencia, $5.50@6.00; Florida, $2.75@3.00; Navels, $3.00@3.25.

Pineapples—Box, $3.50@5.75.

Grape Fruit—Box, $4.00@4.50.

Pears—Kelfer, bu., 65@80c.

Grapes—Catawba and Concords, pony baskets, 18c; Almeria, bbl., $5.50@6.50; California, red, 30-lb. box, $2.00.

Figs—Found, 13c.

Dates—Fard, 12c; Khad, bulk, 6½c.

Olive Oil—Pure, gal., $2.75.

Peanut Butter, 11c; Spanish salted peanuts, 12c.

Cider—16½@20c.

Honey—(New) 17@18c.

Popcorn—Old, lb., 3c.

Horseradish—Bbl., $5.25@5.75.

Mushrooms—4-lb. basket, $2.00.

Poultry—Fowls, 12c; cocks, 9c; ducks, 14c; geese, 11@12c; turkeys, 18@20c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 9½@10c; heavy and rough, 8@8½c; calves, prime, 12@12½c; fair, 10½@11½c.

Yearling lambs, 8@10c; spring lambs, 10@12c; culls off, sheep, 6@8c.

Cow Beef—5@8c.

Steers—8@10c.

Heifers—7@9c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 29.—Butter, steady; creamery extra, 32½@33c; prints, 33½@34c; firsts, 31½@32c; seconds, 30½@31c; fancy dairy, 25½@26½c; choice, 23½@24½c; process extras, 28½@29c; process firsts, 27½@28c; prints 1c extra; packing, 21@21½c. Cheese, steady; full cream, fancy York state, 17@17½c; Ohio full cream, 16@16½c; new Swiss No. 1, 21@22c; No. 2, 19@20c; brick, 18@19c; limburger, 17@18c. Eggs, steady; fresh gathered extra firsts, 36c; do firsts, 34c; do current receipts, 33c; do seconds, 25c; refrigerator extras, 26½c; refrigerator firsts, 25½c. Poultry, alive unsettled; fowls, heavy, 12@12½c; light, 10@11c; springers, 12½c; ducks, 15c@16c; turkeys, 16@17c; geese, light, 12½@13c; heavy, 14c. Dressed poultry, 1@2c a pound higher.

New York Produce.

New York, Nov. 29.—Butter easy, receipts 8,934. Creamery specials 31½c; extras 30@30½c; factory June make, 24c; do current make 22@23c. Cheese irregular, receipts 4,707. State, whole milk, September quality, special, 15½@17½c; do October fine 14@14½c; do current make fair 13½c. Eggs firm; receipts 6,787. State, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery white, fancy 52@55c; do gathered white 38@48c; do hennery brown fancy 42@45c; do gathered, brown 38@42c; fresh gathered extra first 35@37c; do first 32@34c; do seconds 28@30c; fresh gathered dirties, No. 1 candled 24@25c; do No. 2, 20@23c; refrigerator special marks, fancy in local storage 25@25½c; do firsts 24@24½c; do seconds 22½@23½c.

Poultry, alive irregular; western chickens, 11½@12½c; fowls, 12@13c; turkeys, 12@16c; dressed weak; western chickens, 10@17c; fowls, 13½@17c; turkeys, 15@22c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Nov. 29.—Butter, steady; creameries, 24@30c; dairies, 23@27c. Eggs, firm; receipts 2,603 cases; at mark, cases included, 19½@22½c; firsts, 30c; prime firsts, 32c. Cheese, steady; daisies, 15½@15¾c; twins, 14¼@14½c; young Americas, 15¼@15½c; long horns, 15½@15¾c. Potatoes, steady; choice to fancy, 45@48c; fair to good, 38@43c. Poultry, steady; turkeys, live, 13c; dressed, 20c; fowls, live, 10c; springs, live, 10c. Veal, steady; 50 to 60 lb. wts., 9@10c; 60 to 85 lb. wts., 11@11½c; 85 to 110 lb. wts., 12c.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Nov. 29.—Receipts of hogs were liberal and the market ruled 15c higher. Shortage in the general market caused the advance. Other live stock ruled steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $7.40@7.45; good mediums, $7.40@7.45; heavy workers, $7.40@7.45; light workers, $7.50; good mixed, 150 lbs. and up, $7.45@7.50; good pigs, $7.50; bulk of sales, $7.40@7.50; stags and roughs, $5.75@6.75.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; good to choice, $6.00@6.25; good fat 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $5.75@6.00; fair to good steers, 900 to 1,100, $5.00@5.50; common and light, $4.25@4.75; choice fat cows, $4.50@5.30; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.25@3.00; prime bulls, $4.00@4.50; good butcher bulls, $3.50@4.00; fair to good bologna bulls, $3.25@3.50; common bulls, $3.00@3.50; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.25@4.75; common and light heifers, $3.50@4.00; good to choice feeding steers, $3.75@5.75; fair to good feeders, $5.00@5.50; stockers, good to choice, $4.50@5.00; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.50; milkers, and springers, $25@55.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.75@4.25; good to choice mixed, $3.25@3.75; fair to good, $2.75@3.75; culls and common, $1.75@2.75; culls to fair, $4.75@5.25; yearlings, $4.25@4.75; lambs, choice, $6.25.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $10 down.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Nov. 29.—Cattle, receipts estimated at 9,000; market weak. Beeves, $4.50@7.50; Texas steers, $4.25@5.40; western steers, $4.25@6.60; stockers and feeders, $3.50@5.60; cows and heifers, $2.20@6.30; calves, $7.25@9.25. Hogs, receipts estimated at 2,800; market slow, generally 5c higher. Light, $6.80@7.25; mixed, $6.85@7.30; heavy, $6.85@7.35; rough, $6.85@7.00; good to choice heavy, $7.00@7.35; pigs, $6.85@7.00; bulk of sales, $7.05@7.25. Sheep, receipts estimated at 32,000; market steady; native, $2.25@4.25; western, $2.75@4.25; yearlings, $4.20@5.25; lambs, native, $4.25@6.65; western, $4.50@6.60.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Nov. 29.—(By Live Stock Journal)—Cattle steady. Hogs 700 active and ¼c higher. Heavy grades $7.55@7.65; lights and pigs $7.70@7.80. Sheep steady. $4.25; top lambs $6.75. Calv s strong $10 down.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Nov. 29—(By Bower and Bower)—Hogs receipts 25 cars, higher, Yorkers and mediums $7.50; pigs $7.75. Calves $10. Lambs $6.60. Cattle $4.25@5.25.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 29.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 4 cars, steady. Hogs, 5 cars, strong. Heavy, $7.60; yorkers, $7.50@7.60; pigs, $7.90@8.00. Sheep,

Buys a Ten-Acre Fruit or Truck Farm in FLORIDA That May Make You a Fortune Right From the Start

Here is one of the most remarkable land offers that has ever been made. Down on the west coast of Southern Florida we have just purchased from the big lumber and turpentine interests one of the richest tracts of land in the country. This tract lies around North Tampa, an important railroad junction only a few miles from Tampa, Florida's biggest city.

We have been watching this tract for some time, knowing the wonderful fertility of its soil. Then when the lumber corporations had about finished stripping the land of its timber and before the price had been boosted by the bidding of other land companies, we stepped in and bought the entire 10,000 acre tract.

We are consequently enabled to offer you a money-making small farm on this fertile tract, at the rock-bottom price per acre; in fact, for a lower price than is being asked by others for inferior lands located far from a city and not even on a railroad. And not only that, but we offer you this farm on terms so liberal as to be easily within reach.

For one dollar an acre per month, which is the same as three and one-third cents per day, you can be the absolute owner of a Florida fruit farm that may make you wealthy beyond your wildest dream.

Think of it! Independence, wealth, contentment, all may be yours by saving a few pennies a day. Isn't our proposition worth at least a further investigation? From the day you make the first payments, the land is all YOURS, and all the profit and income from your farm goes into YOUR bank account.

If you could but see this land we are selling, we know that you would eventually want to own one of our small farms. YOU DO NOT NEED MORE THAN TEN ACRES TO MAKE A FAIR PROFIT AND ACCUMULATE A BIG BANK ACCOUNT. Ten acres have made men wealthy beyond their wildest dreams. Fortunes are being made in Florida every day. Do you want to share in its tremendous profits?

Here, observe these figures taken right from the year book of the agricultural department. They show the average value of all farm products per acre in five of the biggest states:

MISSOURI	$ 8.36
IOWA	12.22
ILLINOIS	12.48
OHIO	18.36
FLORIDA	102.76

Of the quality of this soil, too much can not be said. Almost every kind of product may be raised. The soil is as well adapted to the raising of fruit trees as of garden truck. Thus one can grow vegetables between the trees so that practically every square foot of ground may be cultivated and made to yield a profit.

How much money can be made out of this land we are offering is proved conclusively by the following figures that show the average yield of a few leading vegetables from a single acre of cultivated land in our tract:

Celery	$1,000 to $1,500
Lettuce	600 to 1,000
Egg Plant	500 to 900
Cabbage	400 to 800
Tomatoes	300 to 600
Cauliflower	300 to 500

And these figures show the value of some fruits per acre:

Grape Fruit	$600 to $1,000
Oranges	400 to 1,000
Strawberries	500 to 1,000

We believe that our tract is the greatest money-making piece of property in the country.

Every mail brings in letters from people who have personally investigated our lands. We have selected at random one we recently received from Mr. L. S. Meyer, 5914 Winchester Ave., Chicago. This is what Mr. Meyer writes:

"I have just returned from an extensive trip through Florida, and am convinced that your tract is by far the best that it is possible to buy.

"I am more than pleased with the land I obtained from you, and will certainly endeavor to get some of my friends to purchase some.

"While in the property, I investigated especially the farms of Mr. E. W. Bearss. What Mr. Bearss is doing was a revelation to me, and proves conclusively that immense crops of vegetables and fruit can be raised on this land when properly developed.

"I am utterly astonished at the possibilities of this country, the health and prosperity that await homeseekers here. The fact is YOU CAN LIVE LIKE A PRINCE IN FLORIDA on the same amount of labor that would afford only bare living elsewhere.

"It is my intention to move my family on my land in your North Tampa tract within the next few months, and immediately develop the same."

(Signed) L. S. MEYER.

The climate of North Tampa is almost perfect. Temperature variations from winter to summer are slight. It is often believed that Florida is extremely hot in summer, but such is not the case. Official weather records show that in Tampa the thermometer never rises as high as it does in most other large cities of the country:

STATIONS	MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE
Augusta, MAINE	96
Baltimore, MARYLAND	104
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS	102
Concordia, KANSAS	106
Chicago, ILLINOIS	103
Denver, COLORADO	105
El Paso, TEXAS	115
Helena, MONTANA	108
Los Angeles, CALIFORNIA	107
Phoenix, ARIZONA	118
St. Paul, MINNESOTA	104
TAMPA, FLORIDA	96

But perhaps the greatest testimonial to the excellence of Tampa's climate is that the American Medical Society located Hillsboro County, in which Tampa is the principal city, as the site of that organization's proposed Health City.

Climate and soil combine to produce crops at just the time Northern markets are demanding them at winter prices. This means higher prices for the crops—and higher prices means more profit.

Furthermore, an crops may be made to mature in thirty days or even less. It is easy for a beginner to make big money RIGHT FROM THE START.

And here is this money-making land located only a few miles from Tampa, a great and metropolitan city, and one which has been pronounced the most beautiful city in America; the city that is known to be the greatest tobacco cigar manufacturing center in the world; a comparatively young city that can already boast of industries whose annual pay roll is nineteen million dollars!

Go to the average land office, and you will find that the tract is located far from a big city, and that transportation facilities are of the poorest. But here right from the center of our North Tampa tract WE HAVE THE JUNCTION OF THREE BIG RAILROADS with stations located on the land itself.

Here then are shipping facilities that at hand. And from Tampa may be brought cheap and reliable labor if your farm is too big for you alone to cultivate. Crews in the Northern states have more than once been absolutely wasted, simply because laborers could not be brought to work on the farm even at fabulous wages.

To take care of the constantly increasing water shipments of Hillsboro County products, Congress will appropriate $1,750,000 for harbor improvements, the first annual allotment of $500,000 having been already made. The total expenditure will complete for Tampa SEVEN MILES OF DOCKAGE!

These things have been causing the eyes of all America to turn to Florida and you can predict now that EVERY IMPROVED ACRE OF FLORIDA LAND WILL BE WORTH FROM TWO TO THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

And though ten acres of this land may make you wealthy beyond belief, it requires only the daily saving of a few of your otherwise wasted pennies to own as big or as little a farm as you want.

We make it easy for you to verify everything we have claimed for our North Tampa tract. Fill out the coupon with your name and address and we will send you a copy of a well known Florida magazine, and also our BIG FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK that gives you all the proof you want. This booklet will be intensely interesting to you. All the illustrations are from photographs actually made on the ground; all statistics are U. S. government statistics, and we have a sworn affidavit to back every single one of our statements. Twenty pages of hard, solid facts—twenty pages of reading and illustrations that will make you almost as fully acquainted with the land as though you had personally visited North Tampa.

Act today! Remember that right now you can have a Florida farm for only three and one-third cents an acre per day.

All those who write now, and get in on the ground floor get our wholesale prices on every acre AND A SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE BESIDES. Just send the coupon today, and start saving your formerly wasted pennies.

North Tampa Land Company,
Dept. 6823, Commercial National Bank, Chicago.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK containing statistics and proof of the producing power of the North Tampa farm land. Also send me FREE, a copy of the North Tampa Magazine. I do not agree to buy any land, and am under no obligation whatever, either for the book or the magazine.

Name.....Address.....

City.....State.....

DIAZ HAS HAD CAREER THAT WOULD STIMULATE A DUMAS

Andrew Jackson had gone but a little way in his term and men were still riding between New York and Philadelphia by stage coach when to Jose Diaz, a poor innkeeper of Oaxaca, Mexico, and his half-breed wife, was born the future builder and ruler of the republic of Mexico. Both parents were descendants of Spaniards married to Indian women, but Sonora Diaz was the darker of the two, her mother having been a full-blooded Mixtec. The innkeeper died of cholera when little Porfirio was three, and the only augury of good luck which now appeared above the poor mother's horizon was the magic number of her children—seven.

Dire poverty came in at the door, and little Porfirio and his brothers kept her busy darning their clothes, torn in the prickly pear hedges, or while clambering over the ore in the bullock carts whereon they stole their rides. All were up at the screech of dawn to breakfast on coffee and pancakes, and after Porfirio had started to the primary school at seven he often played truant, yet made his own shoes and built his mother's furniture as she needed it. He also made his first gun, which he loved to fire off from the housetop. Playing soldier was his favorite boyhood pastime and when any revolutionists camped in town he hung about their fires and drank in their tales of wild adventure and hair-breadth escapes. The rank of colonel he looked upon as the highest pinnacle to which man might attain.

His first serious thought of our nation came when he was 17. News of the American invasion of Mexico then arrived from the north, and putting his books aside, the tramped 250 miles across country to volunteer against the enemy, but found at his journey's end that his countrymen had already surrendered. He now bore home the determination to become a soldier and had a bitter quarrel with his godfather, the Bishop of Oaxaca, who had destined him for the priesthood, according to his mother's most earnest desire. But even his mother's tears availed nothing. However, he postponed his military career for a while and studied law, teaching it to others at the same time, and thus earning enough to pay for supplementary studies in Latin, logic and philosophy.

First Daring Adventure.

The young attorney had begun to give up hope of a strenuous career when his first opportunity for daring adventure presented itself in 1853. He was then 23. Liberty-loving Mexicans were revolting against the growing tyrannies of the dictator, Santa Anna. Perez, the revolutionary leader, was imprisoned and marked for death unless some daring patriot could communicate to him measures which had been taken for his escape. Diaz and his brother scaled the prison walls, swung themselves by ropes and communicated with Perez through his window. Twice was this feat repeated under the noses of the sentries.

It was in this same year that Santa Anna called for a popular vote of confidence and let it be known that those who cast their ballots against him would receive death for their trouble. Diaz and his colleagues at the law college were specifically ordered to go to Santa Anna's booth and put in their tickets in his favor. Arriving at the plaza, they found cannon frowning upon the multitude, all of whom had voted for Santa Anna. But after his colleagues had written their ballots for the dictator Diaz announced that he would vote neither way, and someone cried, "Coward."

A Thrilling Scene.

A thrilling scene then ensued. Diaz walked deliberately to the as yet unused opposition booth and cast his vote for Alvarez. Then, amid the uproar that followed, he escaped through the crowd, and, outriding his pursuers, reached Mixteca. There he organized a force of half-naked peons, with whom he joined the revolutionary army that overthrew the dictatorship. Then came the bloody war between Church and State. Diaz fighting as captain on the side which demanded that the priests give up their valuable lands not needed for church purposes and that they submit to public trial along with laymen.

Then he became governor of a state, commander of a district and member of congress and general, and next came the allied squadrons of England, France and Spain bearing across seas the big stick which was to be waved over the head of war-ridden Mexico because she could not then settle her foreign debts—all of this very boldly and brazenly, inasmuch as we, too, were war-ridden and had no time to defend the Monroe doctrine. Diaz was now second in command of the patriot armies, and, although outnumbered three to one, he defeated the invaders and became the hero of the hour. But along came a great army of reinforcements, starving Diaz into surrender.

Escaped Disguised as Indian.

Refusing to sign his parole and fight no more, this man of iron was now thrown into prison, only to make a hairbreadth escape in the disguise of an Indian and take command of the army of the East. And now came those tragic figures, Maximilian and Carlotta, to be crowned emperor and empress of the new suzerainty, under Napoleon III. The first nail in their coffin was driven when they executed Diaz's patriot brother, and soon there came to counsel them the great Marshal Bazaine, who immediately recognized Diaz as their cleverest foe. So Bazaine first tried to buy over the wiry half-breed general, offering him high and mighty station under the new empire. This was Diaz's first great temptation, and he resisted it. Then Bazaine led a great army against the incorruptible patriot and finally captured him. Diaz surrendered stubbornly, but with the defiant words: "I will not join nor even acknowledge the empire."

For these words he got a long and trying imprisonment in a dark cell, during which the invaders threatened death unless he gave his word not to again take up arms. At first he was put in the same cell with two others, but feigned to quarrel with them until they had themselves removed. Then, in the floor of his cell, under his bed, he commenced digging, first straight down and then horizontally. This mole-work went on for four or five months and liberty was in sight when he was transferred to another prison. The shutters of his cell were shut and it was pitch dark; yet he managed to communicate with confederates on the outside, who on a certain night had a horse and guide stationed on the outskirts of the town.

Fell Into Pig Sty.

With balls of tightly wound rope, which he threw from roof to roof, Diaz late that night managed to work himself over the slippery gables of the prison without alarming the sentry posted on the high roof of an adjacent church. Once someone emerged with a lighted taper and held it near him, without seeing him. Finally he lost his footing and fell into a filthy sty among terrified pigs, which made the night hideous with their squeals. Their alarm seemed a sure promise of death—for such was the penalty of attempting escape. But he waited until the animals quieted down, reached his horse and escaped with his guide to the patriot camp.

Before his escape Maximilian had offered to send the imperial carriage for him in the night, and to give him command of a great part of the army of the empire, but he had replied that if he came before Maximilian he would be brought as a prisoner of war called before a conqueror. And after his escape Maximilian offered him the rank of commander-in-chief of the imperial army. He replied that he had a higher ambition, that to capture Maximilian. And he was sweeping the emperor's forces before him when the United States, now reasserting the Monroe doctrine, scared the French out of Mexico, where they left Maximilian to be captured and shot while his faithful Carlotta lost her reason pleading for him at the feet of the gilded thrones of Europe, where she raves on today, still unmindful of her consort's death.

A War-Time Wedding.

Diaz's first marriage occurred at the time of Maxmilian's execution. He wedded Delfina Ortegay Reyes while besieging the capital, and the ceremony took place outside the lines at Tacubaya. That night a large military ball was held in the bride's honor. The soldier then settled down with his young wife to a farmer's life, but soon deserted the hacienda for the battlefield, there leading a revolution against his old friend, President Jaurez, the Indian, whom he now accused of refusing promised reforms. But Juarez died and the revolution was carried on against Lerdo, his successor.

His meeting with our President was Diaz's third visit to the United States. The first was made at the outset of this revolution against President Lerdo. Diaz escaped from Lerdo's forces and, crossing the northern frontier of Mexico, reached New Orleans.

Many men now living today in the great city on the gulf passed him on the streets without dreaming that they cast eyes upon a man destined to be the most renowned figure in all of he Americas, for Diaz walked among them cleverly disguised. Indeed, so complete was the disguise that none even of the many Mexican refugees then swarming New Orleans recognized him, and he was congratulating himself upon this when he embarked for Southern Mexico on the City of Havana, which had him booked as "Dr. Torres," a Cuban. But this good ship took on at Tampico a body of Mexican troops, who recognized Diaz, as he could see by their nudges and whispers. Late the same night he found a dark corner of the deck, doffed part of his clothes and jumped overboard. Striking out for the distant point where twinkling lights indicated the wharves of Tampico, he was making good headway when a boat overtook him and he was placed under arrest. Now followed great excitement, and the boat paused at Tampico, where Diaz improved his time by appealing to our government, which ordered that he continue on his cruise without restraint, which was done. But all on board knew that Diaz would be taken at the next port, and none realized this better than he.

Seven Nights in a Sofa Room.

So a clever ruse was now arranged. The ship's purser was on Diaz's side, and it was arranged between them that on the following night the general was to be tucked away beneath the bed of a sofa seat in the purser's cabin. This having been done, the purser pushed a heavy life-buoy into the sea with a great splash and spread the alarm that Diaz had jumped overboard. This was believed, but the scrupulous captain of the ship demanded a thorough search when Vera Cruz was reached. But the sofa seat was overlooked, and in the dead of night Diaz, after being nearly smothered for seven days and nights, tripped slyly ashore in the garb of a sailor. Soon afterward he turned up in his native Oaxaca.

From his native town Diaz pressed on toward Mexico City, winning victory after victory until making his triumphal entry into the capital in November, 1876, there to be elected president a few weeks later.

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JUDGE WAS STRICKEN ON HIS BIRTHDAY

Cleveland, Nov. 26.—Robert W. Tayler, federal judge for the Northern Ohio district, with courts here and at Toledo, was stricken with apoplexy while attending the kermess, given by the Woman's Associated circles of St. Luke's hospital in the auditorium of the Engineers building last night, and died shortly before 2 o'clock this morning at Lakeside hospital, where he was taken soon after being stricken. He remained unconscious from the time he was stricken until his death.

Accompanied by Mrs. Tayler, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Jones of East Cleveland, the latter of whom is Mrs. Tayler's niece, the judge left his home at 1949 E. 93rd street, shortly after 7 o'clock. Arriving at the Engineers auditorium, the party took seats on the east side of the auditorium, well forward. They had been sitting but a moment when Judge Tayler was seen to slip down in his seat. His head fell forward and his eyes appeared glassy, and he became unconscious. Physicians were at once summoned and Judge Tayler was at once removed to the hospital, his wife accompanying him. Despite all the physicians could do, he never rallied and died at 1:55 o'clock.

Dies on 58th Birthday.

Judge Tayler was born at Youngstown, November 26, 1852, so that today he is 58 years old. His father, Robert Walker Tayler, for whom the judge was named, was auditor of Ohio from 1860 to 1863, when he was appointed by President Lincoln first controller of the United States treasury, a position which he held until he died in 1878.

Judge Tayler received his education in the public schools of Youngstown and Washington, D. C., where he spent three years at Georgetown college. At the beginning of his sophomore year he entered the class of 1872 in the Western Reserve college at Hudson.

He was graduated in June, 1872, and in September of that year he commenced teaching in the high school at New Lisbon. He was elected superintendent of schools there in 1873 and was re-elected in 1874. From January, 1875, to November, 1876, he was editor of the Buckeye State, a newspaper at New Lisbon.

While engaged in teaching and journalistic work he studied law, and in April, 1877, he was admitted to the bar and was elected prosecuting attorney of Columbiana county in 1880, re-elected in 1882, and served until January, 1886.

In 1894 Judge Tayler was elected to congress from the Eighteenth district. He was three re-elected and was nominated the fifth time, when he retired to become a member of the firm Arrol, McVey & Tayler at Youngstown, O. While in congress he managed the prosecution of the Roberts polygamy case, winning a national reputation. He was also professionally engaged, in 1904 and 1905, in the prosecution of the Reed Smoot case at Washington, he having been prepared for it by the Roberts case.

In January, 1905, President Roosevelt appointed Judge Tayler to the federal judgeship of the northern Ohio district. In this position he has added to his widespread professional reputation, particularly in the settlement of the street railway difficulty, culminating in the passage of the Tayler ordinance, under which the car lines are now being operated.

Judge Tayler was married to Helen Vance, May 18, 1876. They have no children.

1,000 TAME DEER ARE SLAIN

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 29.—Tamer than they have been for years, more than one thousand deer were killed, it is estimated, in the state during the season, which closed last night. In several instances sportsmen failed to get their game, because it was brow sing in pastures with cattle and could not be killed safely.

One sportsman from Athol was approached by a deer, which rubbed its nose against the barrel of the stalker's gun. The deer was permitted to go its way.

The open season was not attended by any fatalities, and so far as known only four persons were injured. In one instance a sportsman shot himself in the foot and in another a gun barrel exploded.

It is expected that dead deer will be found in the woods in the five western counties for weeks, as hundreds of the wounded animals escaped. Strong opposition is likely to develop to a further trial of the open season and the protests of the farming element, which is strong in the legislature, will be supported by prominent men and women in the cities.

The Man Who Shave

Needs first of all GOOD RAZO We have made business of sell razors to fathers more than 25 ye and we have goods that sat the most exact needs. Our ra are made in GE MANY OF BEST LISH STEE and are the b that money can buy. If you want a comfort shave buy one of this kind. Price, post $1.50 in black handles, $1.75 in handles. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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ARMY BLANKET SALE

Army Blankets must contain the most serviceable therefore best material to be had. These army blankets are guaranteed Pure all wool, three eighths Blood wool. No better or finer blankets possible to make. Beautiful Soft Olive Drab, weighs 3 pounds 72x90 inches—some use these blankets for floor rugs—so intensely strong—sweep easy—won't shrink. Brand new, never been used. You can't buy as good for twice our price—until entire lot is sold we will send them upon receipt of sale price only $1.98, value of a thousand U. S. Government Bargains sent free.
Cal Hirsch & Sons, U. S. Dept. 91 St. Louis, Mo.

CUDAHY FORTUNE $20,000,000

Friends Estimate Deceased Packer's Wealth at High Figure.

Chicago, Nov. 29.—Men closely associated with the late Michael Cudahy in the packing industry and other enterprises place his wealth at about $20,000,000. The estimate of $4,000,000 to $10,000,000 they say is entirely too low.

His interest in the Cudahy Packing Co is by these friends valued at $8,000,000. He owned the controlling interest in the North Alaska Transportation Co and had big mineral holdings in Alaska. He was interested with the Guggenheims and had independent interests.

He also was interested in Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado and California oil properties, and owned $400,000 worth of stock in Callaghan & Co., law booksellers, publishers and importers, of Chicago.

Southern Farm Lands Make Big Returns

In the southern states of Virginia, Alabama, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, along the Southern Railway, Georgia Southern & Florida Railway and Mobile & Ohio Railroad you can purchase the cheapest good lands in the world. These are lands at $25 to $50 an acre which will grow four to six crops of alfalfa each season, make 50 to 100 bushels of corn and 25 to 40 bushels of wheat to the acre, and from which the good farmer will make enough in two seasons or so to pay for the land, which will advance rapidly in value. The lands will give greater profits by far than the best $100 land in the North. Good fruit and vegetable growing lands at $10 to $25 an acre, in many different communities. You can locate in these states in regions which have the finest and most healthful climates, climates which add immensely to the growth of the crops. You can make beef and pork at less cost than anywhere in America. The South is the great section of farm opportunity today, it is the section to secure great land bargains. Write us for facts about Southeastern lands and farm opportunities and results. We will put you in touch with Northern farmers who have made successes there, who believe it is the best part of America. The South will soon lead all other regions in profitable farming. M. V. Richards, Land and Industrial Agent, Southern Railway, 1325½ Pennsylvania Avenue Washington, D. C.

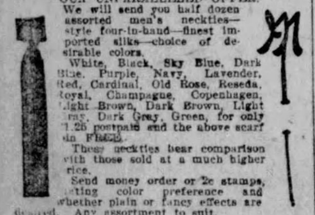
Select Virginia Farms

Productive farms here now as low as $10 per acre. Long summers, mild winters and fine markets are attracting men from west and northwest. Prices are advancing rapidly. Write today for illustrated catalog.
POLLARD & BAGBY Desk 8, Richmond, Va.

HELP WANTED.

$80 per month paid railway mail clerks, customs and internal revenue employes. Thousands of appointments coming. Common education sufficient. Examinations announced everywhere January 15. Coaching free to first 25 applicants. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 32, Rochester, N. Y.

FREE—Gold Plated Scarf Pin—Your Initial in Latest Script Design.
OUR UNPARALLELED OFFER.



We will send you half dozen assorted men's necktie—style four-in-hand—finest imported silks—choice of desirable colors.
White, Black, Sky Blue, Dark Blue, Purple, Navy, Lavender, Red, Cardinal, Old Rose, Reseda, Royal, Champagne, Copenhagen, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Light Grey, Dark Grey, Green, for only $1.25 postpaid and the above scarf pin FREE.
These neckties bear comparison with those sold at a much higher price.
Send money order or 2c stamps, stating color preference and whether plain or fancy effects are desired. Any assortment to suit.
Positively money refunded if not satisfied.
THE MAIL NECKWEAR CO.
L. 588 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
If you wish we will send you our booklet. Kindly write your name and address plainly.

Many men and women spend their lives in unsuccessful attempts to spin the flax God sends them upon a wheel they can never use.—Timothy Titcomb.

28 DIE IN FIRE

Fire in a Newark Factory Traps 50 Young Women on Fourth Floor.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 26.—In a disastrous fire here today, 28 lives are known to have been lost, and 40 or more persons were injured, some probably fatally.

Nearly all the victims were young women workers in the manufacturing plants in the building, a four-story structure, which took fire on the third floor.

The loss of life and injury was heaviest among the 50 girls on the top floor, who were trapped by the quick-spreading flames. Some of them jumped to safety in fire nets and others to their death or injury on the pavements below.

Engine House Next Door.

There is an engine house next door to the factory, but before the firemen could give any assistance at least 20 of the girls had leaped to the street. Most of the injured were taken to St. Michael's hospital, a block away.

The building in which the catastrophe happened is a four story brick structure. The first and second floors were occupied by the Newark Paper Box company. The third floor was occupied by the Aetna Electric company, makers of lamps. The fourth floor was used as factory by Louis Wolf, manufacturer of under garments.

How the fire started is not known. It is believed that it started on the third floor in the rear, among a lot of rubbish. Within a moment or two after it was noticed it had made its way into a lot of waste paper from which it connected with the upper floors. In all about 200 persons were employed in the building.

There were three alarms sent out close upon each other, and the ambulances from the city hospital and the patrol wagons from all the precincts were dispatched to the scene.

An immense crowd congregated, and it took the police reserves from the first, second, third, fourth and sixth precincts to handle the situation.

One of the spectators said that at least 15 girls had jumped from the fourth floor of the burning structure. They remained at the windows until frenzied by the flames behind them, and nearly suffocated by the smoke, they leaped to the street.

With the exception of two girls employed by the Aetna company, all the employes on the first and second floors of the building escaped either by means of the exits or the one fire escape on the north end of the building.

The two girls employed on these floors who were burned were Sadie Hanson, 20 Stone street, and Mrs. Margaret Holanthy, address not known. They sustained burns about the head and face.

Twenty of the injured were taken to the St. Michaels hospital in the ambulance. The salvage automobile took four more. Of these two died after reaching the hospital.

Life nets were put into use immediately after the arrival of the firemen. Perhaps 30 lives were saved in this way. One girl, Hattie Dolapey, was badly hurt. She miscalculated the leap and struck the edge of the net, falling to the pavement. She was hurried to St. Michael's hospital. Sophie Diehl, another girl, was also injured in the net leap. She sustained a broken ankle.

Eugene McHugh, a foreman in the employ of the Aetna company, proved himself a hero. He was among the first to realize the seriousness of the situation and guided scores of girls in his employ to safety down a fire escape. Nearly all escaped injury.

Less than 20 minutes after the arrival of the firemen the interior of the building was flame swept. The floors of the upper part of the building fell shortly afterward. It is believed that a search of the ruins will reveal other bodies.

OHIO GAINS 14 PER CENT

State Has 4,767,121 Persons, According to Census.

Washington, Nov. 23.—The population of the state of Ohio is 4,767,121, according to statistics of the thirteenth census made public today by Director Durand.

This is an increase of 609,576 or 14.7 per cent. over 4,157,545 in 1900. The increase from 1890 to 1900 was 485,229, or 13.2 per cent. The population of Lucas county is 192,728.

Ohio will gain at least three congressmen if the present basis of apportionment is retained.

Receipt That Cures Weak Men---FREE

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3068 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of the splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

HURT BY WOMEN'S KICK

Aged English Statesman Is Abed From Attack.

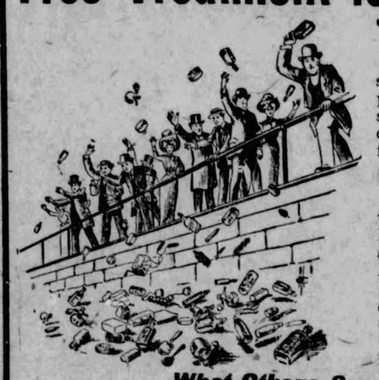
London, Nov. 23.—The rioting of the suffragettes yesterday, which began with an assault on Premier Asquith, continued throughout the night. Driven from one district, so many of the women as escaped arrest would gather at another point and renew the battle.

Advancing under cover of the fog at 2:30 o'clock this morning, a militant band circumvented the police and stormed the Asquith residence in Downing street. They hurled stones and metal weights at the house, breaking the glass in all of the lower windows.

Earlier in the night the women smashed the windows in the homes of Sir Edward Grey, the foreign secretary, Lewis Harcourt, secretary of the state for the colonies, and Winston Spencer Churchill, the home secretary.

Augustine Birrell, the veteran chief secretary for Ireland, was the victim of the most vicious and serious assault. As a result of injuries from blows and kicks the aged statesman is today confined to his bed and under the care of physicians. He has been compelled to cancel all immediate private and [illegible] engagements.

Free Treatment for Asthma and Hay Fever



Throw away the old fashioned and out-of-date remedies such as atomizers, douches, inhalers and the so-called blood purifiers, and start at once with my treatment which has for sixteen years been curing thousands of people, many of the cases having been pronounced incurable or given up by their family physicians.

NO CHARGE WHATEVER

I want every man, woman and child who is afflicted with the cruel, torturous and dangerous diseases of Asthma and Hay Fever to write me, and I will send them by mail, postpaid, absolutely free of charge, a trial treatment of my celebrated Asthma and Hay Fever Remedy.

Let me prove that I can cure you It costs you nothing to send me your name, and in return you will not only receive the FREE TREATMENT but positive proof from honest people in every state who, after suffering exactly as you have, have been cured by taking advantage of my offer.

What Others Say

For many years I suffered intensely with hay fever and asthma, and tried many doctors without obtaining relief. About five years ago I used one box of your Remedy and am entirely cured. MRS. J. F. EISENHANER, *Curtin, Pa.*

Before using your Asthma Remedy I suffered for twenty-five or thirty-five years and used about every known remedy without success. My doctor said I must die, but I sent for a box of your Remedy and am now well from its use. W. M. IPOCK, R. F. D. 1, Box 13, *Cove City, N. C.*

I used a box and a half of your Remedy and it entirely cured me of the dreaded disease of hay fever. The Remedy is all that you claim and I recommend it to all sufferers. MISS LULU ROE, R. F. D. 1, Box 69, *Rayland, Ohio.*

After suffering with asthma in its worst form for eleven years and after spending hundreds of dollars for other remedies without benefit, one box of your Asthma Remedy cured me. CANADA WILLIAMS, R. F. D. 2, Box 51, *Woodlawn, Va.*

Address, Dr. F. G. KINSMAN, Box 728 Augusta, Maine

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 728 Augusta, Maine.

Please send me by mail, postpaid, absolutely free of charge, a course of your Celebrated Asthma Treatment.

Name _____

Address _____